The Saturday Evening Post.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1870. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2537.

BLIND SORROW.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

One bitter time of mourning I remember,
When day and night my sad heart did complain;
My life, I said, was one cold, bleak December,
And all its pleasures were but whited pain.

Nothing could rouse me from my sullen sorrow,
Because you were not near I would not smile,
And from a score of joys, refused to borrow
One ray of light to gild the weary while.

But, all the blessings God had given scorning,
I wept because we were so far apart,
And spent my time in idle, aimless mourning,
That only kept the grief fresh in my heart.

But now, to-day, I see God's kindness plainly;
He meant to make this blow a gentle one.
For what we deem our deepest wounds are mainly
But parrying thrusts, and oh! so softly done.

God pity me! I know now we were nearer,
With all those intervening miles of space,
That life was sweeter, and the future dearer
Than when to-day I met you, face to face.

God meant to break it gently, ease my anguish—
But I rebelled, and cavilled at His will.
Now, seeing His great wisdom, though I languish
In bitter pain, I trust His mercy still.

AN ASIATIC SULTAN AND HIS FAMILY.

The Kirghis are a people who wander over the vast plains of Central Asia. The group in the engraving given above are the family of Sultan Bock, the chief man and most wealthy person among the Kirghis. He owns ten thousand horses, with camels, oxen, and sheep in proportion.

An encampment of these people consists of a number of tents, or, as they call them, yourts. Some of these tents are very large, the interior of some of them being forty feet in diameter. In the centre of the tent, on the ground, a fire is kindled; beside it, on the floor, pieces of felt cloth are spread, on which are placed boxes containing the riches of a Kirghis's dwelling—various articles of clothing, pieces of Chinese silk, tea, dried fruits, and small squares of silver. On the top of the boxes are tall Bokharian and Persian carpets, often of great beauty.

Every Kirghis sultan has his priest, who is usually the only man in the tribe who can read or write. The priest sells his charms to the people, at a sheep for each scrap of paper with a few characters written upon it. The people have full faith in the efficacy of these charms, being educated from their youth up to have faith in them, and to believe that it is wicked even to question their efficacy.

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

Lucy Garth's engagement did not long remain unknown to the gossips of Dedham. If it had depended upon Rachel or Mr. Garth, they could have kept the secret up to the hour of the ceremony. Mr. Thorndike had an idea that publicity would prove his best ally. Why should he be ashamed of it? he argued. Lucy was a handsome girl, and would make an elegant woman when she came to be dressed in style. The Garths were a good old family, and could trace a pure descent back to revolutionary times, and best of all, there was a fortune in prospect.

So Warren Thorndike marched proudly into church on Sunday morning and took a seat in the Garth pew, though prosy Mr. Howe bored him intolerably. After they were married, he thought he and Lucy would go to the Shiloah society, for they had a brilliant young minister, whose courage was not even intimidated by driving a fast horse, and whose name was down upon some of the most attractive lecture courses. To be sure the Shiloah people paid three thousand dollars a year for this luxury, and gave him a six weeks' vacation, which was not high, all things being considered.

The elderly gossips exchanged sundry nods and winks. It was all settled then, Rachel Garth would not need much time to prepare an outfit, for every one knew of the piles of bed and table linen and store of blankets. Mr. Thorndike would go to housekeeping, of course, and a vacancy would occur in the Garth household, to be filled by somebody. Lucy was passed over as a very unimportant member.

But when Warren Thorndike drew Lucy Garth's hand through his arm and walked home with her, the busy tongues were half paralyzed. And to see this repeated again before the day was over gave unmistakable force and truth to the matter.

Miss Kip made her call early on Monday afternoon, for the morning was devoted to washing.

"I never was so beat in my life," she began. "You don't mean to tell me that he's to marry that child!—and they walking out of church like husband and wife already!"

Rachel Garth turned her dull, swarthy hue. The mortification had been very severe, and now to have to explain the truth, when she had been congratulated herself, was humiliating. But she could not evade and patch up such an affair gracefully.

"Yes. Father has consented against his better judgment. Lucy is a mere child, and though I have done my best, I am sure, I have not been able to make anything out of her."

"I dare say. If ever any one was marked in soul and body, it is that girl! She is her mother's own child!"

Miss Kip spoke with some asperity. Rachel had been so used to hearing her stepmother condemned, and she thought justly, that there was no feeling of honor about it.

"But when did it happen?" asked the eager questioner.

"He spoke on Christmas day. I must say that it would have looked more manly and honorable not to have used me as a cloak."

"And you didn't suspect all that time?"

"How should I? We have never considered Lucy as at all grown or mature. But she is very forward."

This was uttered in a sharp, spiteful manner.

"The man must be crazy, my dear Rachel. He will live to rue this day's work!"

Rachel hoped in her heart that he would. It was something deeper than the passing disappointment with her. She was not discriminating or analytical, but she had a clear brain and a good deal of common sense. She seemed to understand Mr. Thorndike from the very first, and knew better than himself what manner of wife he needed. Just now he was very much infatuated by Lucy's pretty face, but she could remember a time when her stepmother had grown thin and wan and plain. When that day came Lucy's reign would be at an end over such a man as Mr. Thorndike.

That day never came, but in its stead something that Rachel little dreamed of now.

"It is a foolish piece of work, but he is obstinate, and she of course ready to marry the first man who asks her."

Rachel spoke with severity, as if she had refused scores of lovers.

"How can men be so foolish, my dear Rachel!" and Miss Kip sighed over the time when she, too, had been set aside for a pretty face.

"And with twenty years difference in their ages!" flung out Rachel. "However, I've washed my hands of the matter. I told Lucy so. I've tried my best to do my duty by her, and now she must work out her own salvation."

"I expected better things of Warren Thorndike! It's enough to make his poor old mother rise in her grave. Ah, *she* was such a housekeeper, my dear! I've said many a time that you were enough like her to be her own child. It doesn't seem to me as if it *could* be true. When are they to be married?"

"I don't know," Rachel said simply.

"It's my opinion that he will come to his senses some time, and so I should be in favor of a long engagement. It would be dreadful for them both to be dissatisfied afterward, and it doesn't seem to me that Lucy can appreciate a man like Mr. Thorndike."

"That is just it," returned Rachel warmly. "All she will care for will be dress and company, but he's been warned. It's his own fault."

And so they groaned and predicted a dismal future for the girl who was combing out her shining hair and singing a bit of a forbidden love song in the room above. Perhaps both women secretly hoped that Mr. Thorndike's safety would be brought about by some interposition of fate powerful enough to separate him from Lucy Garth.

I cannot say that Rachel had been disappointed in her love, for the feeling had gone no deeper than a strong satisfaction with her; then she was not the kind of a woman to love entirely. Yet her practical good sense led her to see that Lucy and Warren Thorndike were not suited to each other. Could he understand Lucy's vague and dreamy mood, her romantic tendencies, her strange sympathy for things and subjects that would interest no other person? And when Lucy neglected his house, left the meals to servants, fell into untidy habits, as she surely would when this constant supervision was removed, then would come his time of trial; and Rachel absolutely pitied this man of her vision, like a mother yearning over a son.

The courtship was not a very satisfactory proceeding. Lucy proposed to kindle a fire in the best room, but this Rachel forbade except on Sundays. So the poor child had recourse to stolen walks again and brief, whispered sentences when no sharp ears were listening. Mr. Garth discussed business with Mr. Thorndike until Lucy felt as if she could fly to the ends of the earth.

He came one day in a small wagon that he used for all ordinary purposes, and announced that he wished to take Lucy to visit the Cunningham place, as he was negotiating for it.

Lucy dropped her sewing in radiant surprise.

"Of course she would go!"

Rachel gave a sharp glance at the wagon and then at her sister. It was evident there was no room for a third, and yet she was not quite settled upon the point of propriety. And while she was debating Lucy had vanished.

"You don't mean to buy the place for—" and Rachel paused, not able to put the enormity into words.

"For myself and Lucy? Yes, if she likes it!"

Rachel gave a gasp of surprise. He took a rather malicious enjoyment in it.

"For you two! It is an extravagant beginning. What does Lucy know about the management of such a place?"

"She can learn."

Rachel sniffed in disdainful silence. Then Lucy returned flushed and happy, in spite of the dull, Bay state shawl and faded brown veil.

He wrapped her so snugly in the blanket, and drew the wolf-robe over her lap, asking her if she were comfortable. It was so delightful to have him glance at her with that sweet anxiety, and for the first time she felt as if her lover was really her own.

"It's good to have you here alone," he exclaimed, falling into her train of thought, at which both laughed, and she shyly confessed her satisfaction.

"I saw Cunningham yesterday. The family have all gone to town, and he's anxious to get the place off his hands. It's proved rather a heavy speculation for him. He wants to sell part of the furniture."

"Do you really think of buying it for—" and Lucy blushed with his ardent eyes upon her.

"For the man in the moon!" and Thorndike laughed.

"I don't deserve so much good fortune," Lucy said with a sudden touch of humility.

"Oh, you don't! Well, shall we turn back?"

"No, no," and her face was more radiant than before."

"I shall be quite lost in such a grand place," she went on slowly, with a lingering tenderness in her voice that was sweet to hear.

"I mean you to be as great a lady as the best of them, my darling," he said with a sort of rough pride.

She who had never been cared for or held in any esteem since the death of her poor fond mother, thought this promise a draught of golden wine indeed, and seemed touched in every pulse by the subtle flavor. So they talked, and laughed, and loved, or thought they did, which is the same while it lasts the world over. Then they stopped at the wide gates.

There was a spacious lawn with a drive around, and the house stood on a ridge of rising ground. In summer it was beautiful with the embowering shrubbery, and even now the clusters of evergreens kept it from looking dreary. An odd place as to architecture, with a great variety of windows, angles, verandahs, and set off with a tower at one corner, whose elevation was high above the gables of the roof.

The man left in charge answered the summons, and ushered them into the spacious hall that was covered with thick, soft carpet. A handsome drawing-room and library on one side that could be shut off by ground glass doors, on the other a sitting-room, furnished much more elegantly than the parlors Lucy was in the habit of seeing; a large dining-room with its oaken and walnut floor, and appointments to correspond, and back of all two kitchens.

The chambers up above were quite in keeping. Lucy could only exclaim in a delighted and astonished manner. Her ignorance and pleasure were alike charming, and her piquant gratitude the most fascinating of all. And then she appeared so perfectly at home amid this luxury in spite of her shabby dress.

"Then you like it?"

"Oh, like doesn't seem any word for it! I am afraid that I am dreaming. Why it would be living in Paradise!"

"But suppose *I* didn't like it?" he asked with quick jealousy, for the narrow soul could hardly bear to share her regard with anything beyond his own person.

He had thrown himself into a cushioned arm-chair, and looked very handsome and lordly she thought, and somehow she felt extremely proud of him and tender towards him. She knelt beside him, laying her soft cheek on his knee.

"But you *do* like it," she said in her winsome voice, "and if you did not I should still have you. It seems to me that any place would be delightful if you were only there and cared for me as you do now."

He took her in his arms and kissed her times without number. Ah, if they could have lived there unknowing and unknown. If they could have believed always that this passion they held for one another was love in its height and fulness!

They rambled around gayly, she appealing to him now and then in an ignorance so sweet that it was an exquisite pleasure to be her instructor. And yet he felt in some vague way that she made daring flights above him, and had glimpses of a higher world, and that there was something in her aspiring and passionate nature that he could not comprehend. But he *could* dress her handsomely and make her mistress of this stylish mansion.

He could not guess all that her fatal beauty was to cost him, and if she had seen she would have shrunk back in dismay and borne the old, hard life awhile longer.

At last they were ready to go. The visit had been a rare holiday to her, and she could hardly realize that at no distant day its beauty and luxury might be hers. She clung more closely to her lover, feeling that all this happiness must come through him alone. He was very tender of her, and the devotion touched her to the very soul.

Mr. Thorndike and Mr. Cunningham haggled for awhile about their bargain, while Mr. Garth used his best efforts to dissuade his son-in-law from so wild a step. Buying a house to sell again at an advance of eight or ten thousand dollars was one thing, but to live under all this expense was preposterous!

Each day Lucy's home grew more intolerable to her. She had no anxiety whatever to delay the wedding day, indeed when she looked forward sometimes to the prospect of a long engagement her heart sank within her.

It was not to be, however. Mr. Thorndike bought the house, and his energetic manner soon brought matters around to his views. They would be married in May.

Rachel Garth declared the thing impossible. Lucy should have a year's instruction at least in housekeeping; her wedding outfit was to be made, her household linen prepared; and so it was folly to talk of May.

"Let her learn housekeeping by experience," laughed Mr. Thorndike. "As for a wedding outfit and all that, it can be bought in New York without half the bother. I have some cousins there who would be delighted to take it in hand."

Rachel retired from the field in high disdain. Not a word of advice or counsel would she give Lucy—not that the girl asked or desired any. She rather liked the new system that her sister inaugurated, and appeared quite capable of looking after herself.

So the gossips at Dedham had enough to occupy their minds and tongues. The wildest stories were credited, and Lucy walked about with a haughty air as if she were already queen.

She went to New York for her bridal attire. Mr. Thorndike's cousin, a pretty and fashionable married woman of thirty, came for her, and marveled not a little at the Garths' frugal virtues. Lucy received a very moderate portion from her father, though it appeared large to her inexperienced eyes; but Mr. Thorndike charged Mrs. Wilder to do all that was befitting, regardless of expense.

It was a new and peculiar experience for Lucy. She took it in a most superb manner. She had been born with a rare eye for beauty of the most perfect type, and one would hardly have supposed from her selections that it was her first experience in the world of fashion.

Of course Mr. Garth paid the bills. If he could have dressed his child in sackcloth and ashes and shut her in a convent, I am not sure but that it would have been a great gratification to him. But all of Dedham thought Lucy a lucky girl and congratulated him, so he bore it in grim silence. Rachel was comforted by her dear friends, though I cannot say that she envied Lucy any of her splendor, but she groaned in secret over the extravagance.

So Lucy Garth was married one bright May morning in the dull parlor where she had first flashed the syren light of her beauty upon Mr. Thorndike. As she said her vows over, she meant to keep them every one—"Love, Honor, and Obey." It looked so easy. She was leaving all the misery and coldness behind and going to light, warmth, and tenderness.

As for Warren Thorndike, he was still deeply infatuated. The opposition that he had met with, had been just keen enough to lure him on, the obstacles of a kind that he liked to demolish. He had carried every point and they were still good friends; indeed, Mr. Garth was secretly proud of him.

And yet it was a cold, sad bridal. No tender and loving friends to wish the young wife joy and happiness for the years to come, no sweet and gracious prayers, no warm smiles nor fond tears.

"Suppose there should always be a shadow on my life?" Lucy Thorndike thought, with a frightened gasp, and her soft cheek paled involuntarily.

Mr. Howe was giving Lucy some prosy but kindly-meant advice in the parlor, when Warren Thorndike found himself quite alone with Rachel in the ordinary living room. Something of the man's disposition to triumph flashed over him, and turning his keen eyes full upon her, he said—

"You have not congratulated me yet?"

Rachel knew that he was studying her from head to foot, and comparing her with his bride. She was neither young nor pretty, and possessed no winsome, deceitful graces, but she was, or honestly believed herself an upright, truthful, conscientious woman, superior to her sister in all useful and necessary qualities.

"Why should I congratulate you?" she asked, coldly.

"Because it's the fashion," and he laughed a little. "Because I am going to be happy, also. You surely do not grudge me your sister?"

She was not complimented by this. Her leaden eyes were still steady and cold, and

her voice passive as she answered—

"No, I do not grudge you Lucy."

"Nor our happiness?"

She made a sort of bitter, disdainful gesture.

"I do not think you are going to be happy, Mr. Thorndike, if you will have the truth."

"Not happy? Why?" he asked, in amaze.

"I need not tell you."

"Yes you must. It is unfair so make such a prediction without some theory to base it upon. Come, why not?"

"I never soften the truth, Mr. Thorndike. You have chosen a woman with a pretty face, but who is frivolous, indolent, ill-tempered when controlled or annoyed, who thinks of nothing but pleasure and personal adornment, and to whom the slightest duties were ever irksome. I am sorry for this. You deserve a better wife—and Heaven knows that I have labored to make my sister a more worthy woman. She has been indifferent to all the pains taken for her welfare. An undutiful and disrespectful daughter will not make a good wife. But you have chosen—and you must bear it."

"Yes—I will;" he returned angrily, with a flash of fire in his eyes. Then he looked at her with an amused pity. She was narrow and jealous; and yet he rather liked her for having loved him, as he thought; but Rachel Garth would have said the same about her sister under any circumstances. Her love for him had very little to do with it.

"We shall see;" she went on in the same cold, calm, exasperating tone. "I am sure I wish her no ill. I hope God will change her vain and trifling mind, and give her grace to do her duty."

"Warren!" called the loveliest and sweetest voice in the world; "the carriage has come—and here are your gloves. I believe wives always have to be gathering up the little traps their husbands leave around—so you see I have begun;" with an arch, bright smile at Mrs. Howe.

She looked exquisitely sweet and dainty in her soft, silvery wedding dress, "that never cost less than five dollars a yard," Miss Kip declared. Her straw hat of a shade darker, had a band of velvet and a cluster of bronzed ivy leaves, while just underneath the brim was a cord of azure blue, that gave a seductive softness to the young face.

Warren Thorndike thought the vision perfection, as he took his mislaid gloves. Then he handed her into the carriage as if she had been the greatest lady in the land—as she was, to him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

We commenced in THE POST of Feb. 5th, this new novelet written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novelet is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE POST, although we can still supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

NEW AMENDMENTS.—As this seems to be the time for proposing new amendments to the Constitution of the United States, we would respectfully propose the following:—

Article 16. No person shall be allowed to serve as a School Director, a Justice of the Peace, or Member of a State Legislature who cannot spell words of three syllables.

Article 17. No person shall be allowed to serve as a Member of Congress, Governor of a State, Judge of the Supreme Court, or President of the United States, who cannot read and write, and repeat the multiplication table as far as six times six.

A SELF-EVIDENT TRUTH.—Washington may be "the Father of his country," but it is evident that the children do not take very much after their father. They descend from him, it is true—a long way.

CURIOUS.—It is said that the appetite of Guizot, the French historian, has been ruined by eating dates. And yet one would think that dates were just the proper food for an historian.

WASHINGTON.

It is the anniversary of the birthday of Washington, of blessed memory—and, as we remember all he was, and all he did, and regret that this present moment has not a Washington, to bring order and harmony and safety out of the contending and discordant elements of our national life, the two great and peculiar excellencies of his character come more palpably than ever before us.

The first of these two great traits of the character of Washington, was his perfect Integrity. He would not only be above suspicion, but above the suspicion of suspicion. He would not put himself into a position where his motives even could be doubted. Thus he took no reward for his services as Commander-in-Chief during the Revolutionary war—he simply demanded the payment of his necessary expenses. The record of those expenses, written in a plain, strong hand, with each item separately stated, so that each could if required, be separately verified, remains to this day as a monument and an example.

In the same noble spirit, when he was in a position to confer official favors, he was careful of receiving presents. He would not expose himself to the suspicion of being influenced by gifts in his political appointments. We have seen it stated that once there were two applicants for an office, both equally worthy, but one a relative. Calling the latter aside, he said to him:—"You are my relative, and I will do all I can for you in a private way; but being a relative, I must give this appointment to your rival. I cannot have the perfect disinterestedness of my administration even suspected."

Such was Washington all through his life as to Integrity. His most bitter personal and political enemies never called that in question. Would that all our prominent men were like him in this respect. Better that they should carry their scrupulousness to what some may think a Quixotical extreme, than to be suspected on every hand, as the best of them too often seem to be now.

But there was another respect, in which Washington was even more peculiar. He had that fine balance of the intellectual faculties, which, when these faculties are not above the average, we call Common Sense; and which, when they are largely developed, we call Wisdom. For Wisdom is only large Common Sense.

Thus in war Washington was both cautious and bold. Generally he was cautious, because caution was the safest and wisest policy. He had America's only army—the one lone hope of Freedom. It would not do to risk its safety by taking the hazard of the die. But when the game opened for a safe but dashing and brilliant stroke, as at Trenton and Princeton, he had the skill and nerve to make it. Thus he combined in his own person Marcellus and Fabius, and was himself the Sword and the Shield of the infant Republic.

As a statesman too we see the same great characteristic of Even-Mindedness constantly exhibited. He longed for a closer Union of the States than the Confederation afforded. He lent the scheme of Union all the weight of his immense popularity and influence. Without him, in all probability, the present Union never could have been formed.

But he was not an extremist. He was in favor of a closer Union of the States, so that in certain great respects, especially in their dealings with foreign nations, and in the more general matters of internal concern, they could act as one government; but he also had a keen sense of the justice and wisdom of the States being allowed to regulate their own internal affairs. In avoiding Scylla, he did not rush into the centralizing whirlpool of Charybdis. As the planets move around the Sun in obedience to two apparently opposing laws, so he would have the States move around the Central Government, drawing heat and security from its warmth, but not approaching so closely as to be consumed by its overpowering beams.

And when he assumed his seat as first President, in conformity with the same predominating trait of character, he called both Jefferson—the able upholder of the great truth of Equality—and Hamilton, the equally able upholder of the great truth of Inequality, into his counsels. And in all difficult questions, he listened to the views of both these able men, calmly and intelligently, inclining in one case to one side, in another to the other, and doubtless more or less modified in all his judgments by both.

But nowadays we seem to have no Statesmen—nothing but one-eyed Politicians and Bigots. No men who can see out of both eyes, or who will even try to see both sides of any great question,—but only men of one idea, on one side or the other. And men who can see both sides—and who therefore sometimes agree with one side, and sometimes with the other—and who, because they see both sides, and what truth lies on both, generally are moderate in their judgments, calm in their resentments, and charitable towards all—are in turn reviled by both parties, for not admitting that each of them possesses all the truth in the world.

Oh for one year of Washington's integrity and calm good sense at the Federal capital! Could he descend from the realms above, with his natural wisdom rendered still more august and majestic by his communion with angels and with the souls of departed statesmen and heroes,—in his right hand the sceptre of power, and on his forehead the glory of the redeemed—how soon would his wise and magnanimous measures evolve harmony out of the present chaos. How would he restore again the grand rhythm of the Union—as when the morning stars sang together—and bid the Rights of the States move in harmony with the Rights of the great Central Power. How would he point with unerring finger the middle path of safety, between the opening chasm of anarchy on the right hand, and the raging torrent of absolute power on the left. How would he instruct us that as in Heaven there are both Equality and Inequality, so there necessarily must be both in all good governments on earth—and that even the stars, while they all have an equal right to shine in their respective spheres, differ one from another in glory. How would he bid raging passions cease, and inculcate on all the great duty of forgiveness, so that Charity might abound, and Peace be established on everlasting foundations. How would presumptuous fools, who have been appointed and elected by other fools to fill high places, shrink abashed before the wondering glances of his stern, rebuking eyes. And how would the people begin to say to one another, Washington has come—Washington, like Arthur, "is not dead"—and we must send up to meet him in the great Council of the Nation, not the men who can pack conventions and control ignorant votes, but the men whose large abilities and calm wisdom and steadfast integrity and peaceful moderation render them fit to represent us in his presence, and join in his great counsels.

But Washington, like Arthur, delays his coming—never will come again! And the next best thing that can happen, is for us to act as if he were present with us—he of the soul of Integrity, and the complete, double vision. Let us send up to Washington those among us, if such there be, who possess something of his spirit. Men who can listen calmly to both sides and all sides of every great question—and yet not be blown hither and thither by every wild wind—men of Integrity, of Moderation, of cultivated Ability, the Wisest and the Best we have.

Such men, however, will not force themselves upon the notice of Conventions, will not beg for votes, will not even solicit a nomination. They must be sought for, must be themselves solicited. What else ought your nominating Conventions to be for—than to search out the best men for the offices that are to be filled, and then to nominate them? Washington never solicited an office in his life. He was always sought out and solicited. True worth, disinterested ability, is always thus modest. Beware the brazen face—on a woman it is the sign of a strumpet, on a man it is the mark of a knave. If you would have men at all resembling Washington, there is but one way to get them, to search them out. You will not—then take Anarchy, Corruption, Heavy Taxes, Universal Disorder, and finally Despotism, instead.

EDUCATION.

We see it stated that the Board of Control of the Public Schools of this city, have prepared a Bill which they design submitting to the Legislature for its sanction, the object of which is to compel parents to send their children, between the ages of 8 and 16 years, to school for at least six months of the year.

One of these days we hope to be able to treat this subject of Education at greater length, but at present we only have leisure to say that we think very many boys and girls in the large cities waste a great deal of precious time at school, which would be much better employed in learning some trade or other means of getting a living.

The extent of book education should vary with the capacity of the boy or girl receiving it. It is often a gross absurdity to give all the children of even one large family the same amount of book culture. Just as ridiculous as to try to put the same fine polish on all kinds of wood.

Even in the case of those who are able to profit by book learning, after they have by acquiring the rudiments of education learned to handle the tools, they will generally be able to teach themselves. All the best taught men in the world are to a great extent self-taught.

As to boys and girls of only ordinary ability, and who will have to earn their own living, we think enough time has been given to school when they have learned to read, to cipher, and obtained a moderate knowledge of Geography and History. Then the boys should be taught trades, and the girls cooking and housekeeping, and some trade if possible in addition.

In the country, there is probably no better plan for the average boy and girl, than to give the winter months to schooling, and the rest of the year to the many labors of the farm, house and dairy. If some trade however also can be learned, all the better.

No boy who has his living to make, in town or country, should be kept at school for long years, unless it is intended that he should follow one of the learned professions. But of course boys designed for the professions, should possess ability, and manifest also a capacity for book learning, decidedly above the average.

If you advertise for a clerk in this city, you will have scores of applicants. If you advertise for a skilled workman in almost any trade, you will have comparatively few. And yet the skilled workman will command the best wages.

Has not an over-estimate of the importance of book learning much to do with this over-stocking of the clerk market and neglect of the trades? Education should include not only education in book knowledge, but in other even more important things.

OUR LETTERS.

W. C., of Mount Vernon, Iowa, writes:—

"I have taken THE POST so long that I am lost without it."

Mrs. J. R. B., of Peterboro, New York, writes:—

"I like THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND better than any paper or magazine I ever have taken, and I have taken a good many different ones. You may count on me as a life subscriber."

Dr. G. H. C., of Owatonna, Minnesota, writes:—

"I have taken your paper for the last two years, and cannot do without it. Send back numbers from the beginning of the year."

C. J. S., of Pottersville, New Hampshire, writes:—

"I do not know how to live without my paper. Wish you every success."

K. R. B., of Clinton, Pennsylvania, writes:—

"I cannot do without THE POST."

M. H. H., of Iron Clad, Texas, writes:—

"It is with great pleasure I renew my subscription to THE POST. I do not wish to lose a single number."

Mrs. J. S. L., of Camden, Nebraska, writes:—

"After taking your paper for one year, I have concluded I cannot get along without it; and so send on a club of five subscribers."

R. M. H., of Ringoes, New Jersey, writes:—

"We think THE POST the best paper printed. It has become one of the family."

G. R., of Willow Wood, Ohio, writes:—

"I wish to renew once more my subscription to the dear old POST. Please send on at once, so that I shall not lose a number."

ACCORDING to a recent estimate, every fifth man above the age of 21 who has died in Connecticut during the past 40 years was intemperate.

We shall have to call Connecticut henceforth the land of unsteady habits—unless "steady habits" include a steady habit of drinking—if the above be true. But we doubt its truth—figures are made to lie like forty now-a-days, especially by men and women who have "a mission." It is astonishing how some favorite dogma will often make a man see not only double but treble, as badly as Jamaica rum. In fact a man—and more, a woman—will often get as drunk upon some favorite notion or inn, very excellent too in its way, as if he or she had taken an overdose of whiskey. The effects of Intemperance are bad enough, but it would take a good many figures to convince us that every fifth man in Connecticut dies a drunkard.

INFLATION.

There has been a resolution to increase the amount of the Currency, passed in the House of Representatives—but the Senate has passed a resolution against any increase. The tooth is about halfway out now, and though it hurts terribly to pull it, we guess it is better for the dentist to go on, than to let us up, at the cost of our having to go through the same thing over again. It seems to us that until we do get back to a specie basis, the business of the country will not revive and manifest a healthy activity. For all business enterprises need a solid foundation to rest on. We know well there is no fun in the coming down process; but if we have to come down some time, and are probably now at least halfway down, is it not better to keep on, and bear the pain, until we arrive at the bottom?

THE ERCLES' VEIN.

Bottom, the weaver, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, says:—"I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split." And again—"This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein."

Hearing this read the other evening, it occurred to us for the first time, that "Ercles" must mean Hercules. We suppose that Englishmen, accustomed to hearing Hercules pronounced 'Ercules, take the hint at once. But as some other Americans may be as stupid as ourself, we make this note.

TWO hours is the time of a White House dinner, consisting of eleven courses of meats, followed by game, ices, and fruits, with sherry, hock, sauterne, champagne, and old Madeira.

How hungry—and thirsty—it seems to make people to live in the White House. We should think the only thing wanting at such dinners was an appetite, and, as the boy said, a drinkatite. If we were President, we should employ a Private Secretary, or clerk of the Interior, to do our eating and drinking for us. Doubtless Gen. Grant will thank us for the suggestion. Eleven courses must bore him horribly.

A CURIOUS FACT in connection with the criminal statistics of New York is that men are most apt to commit offences against the law between the ages of twenty and thirty, and women from thirty to forty.

We suppose that this is the reason so few women are willing to plead guilty to being between thirty and forty. It is a bad age.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

Since our last issue, the friendly people of Philadelphia have been favored with a lecture from "the philosopher of the Tribune" and "friend of man," Horace Greeley.

Mr. Greeley has become quite venerable in appearance, his hair being white, and yet comely. He appears to be however in the full vigor of his years—and his age is "as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly."

Behold what comes from temperate living, abstinence from the use of alcoholic liquors, vegetable diet, and brown bread!

We see no reason that Mr. Greeley should not live until he numbers one hundred, two hundred, five hundred, or even, as Methuselah did, one thousand years. We correct ourself—Methuselah did not live one thousand years—he failed of that amount the paltry number of thirty-one years. It has always struck us as very singular that a man who had enough force of character to live 969 years, should not have been able to live 31 years longer. And all because he would not rise and build himself a house for so short a time as a century! Obstinate Methuselah—his obstinacy took the wrong direction, and struck in.

But to return to our sheep. We say we do not see why Horace Greeley, if he adheres to cold water, a vegetable diet, and brown bread—does he still adhere to them, or has he fallen from grace?—should not live like the patriarchs of old, his hundreds of years. There seems to be only one good reason in the way. It is not the fashion. Now, as every one knows, Mr. Greeley is nothing if not fashionable. He has already abandoned his white coat and white hat. He has been seen this winter wearing glover And a necktie. His boots are polished. His manner, like his vest, is open, and his behavior courteous. He evidently has a great admiration for the ladies. Particularly the handsome ones.

Therefore, devoted to the Fashions as Mr. Greeley is—and it being both fashionable and customary to cease breathing before the short term of one hundred years has elapsed, there is every reason to believe that Mr. Greeley will follow suit.

Curious that the Flood should have caused such a change in the good old customs of the world. Doubtless the old fogies among our forefathers, wedded to their ancient ways, often alluded in no very flattering terms to this new fashion of dying early which had come in with the Flood.

Mr. Greeley is not an orator, as Curtis is—but, as you all do know, a plain, blunt man, who loves his friends,—and so they knew who gave him leave to speak. His voice is scarcely powerful enough for a large room like the Academy of Music—which is the admiration of New York, and the despair of Boston—so that a distant hearer had to listen very attentively to catch all his words. But the lecture was well written, the arguments strongly put, and the impression left upon the mind a mingled one of ability, earnestness and sincerity.

We have something more to say bearing upon the subject matter of this lecture—but find our space for this week too nearly exhausted. Besides, we have pitched this article in so profound a key, with allusions to the Patriarchs, Methuselah, and the effects of Fashion and the Flood, that it will be quite as well to take a fresh start upon another occasion.

THE REPORTERS.

Amusing—to attend an eminent gentleman's lecture, and then read what profess to be faithful reports of it in the next morning's papers. What misrepresentations of what really was said—and what nonsense. Our lecturers must be on the whole both philosophic and peaceable men, or there would be bloodshed. Campbell once toasted Napoleon, "because he had shot a bookseller"—what public speaker would not toast Napoleon Third, if he only would shoot a few reporters, caught in the act of cruelly mangling and murdering some eloquent oration?

But everything has its two sides. The above is true. And yet what do not silly and stupid speakers, especially in Congress, owe to the benevolent and sensible reporters? You see this sometimes, when members of Congress will insist upon printing their speeches undelivered. Then you behold the follies and vilenesses which the good-natured reporters would have toned down, revealed in all their stupidity and grossness. It is thus sometimes a merit for a reporter to be inaccurate.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

The lecture of George W. Curtis on "Our National Folly, the Civil Service," was a noble one in all respects—nobly conceived, nobly composed, and nobly delivered. It was one of "The Star Course," and was a Star lecture. We hope to find time to say something of the Civil Service in a future number. Such men as Mr. Curtis, in whose minds Partisanship is held subordinate to Patriotism—the good of a Party to the good of the Country—are the chief stay of the present and the only hope of our future. Oh for a few more of those who are able to live after the "high Roman fashion."

☞ In the address of the Chinese community of Hong Kong to the Duke of Edinburgh, they hailed him thus: "Fair as the plumes of the phœnix that sits in the crimson nest, graceful as the unicorn auspiciously nurtured on the sombre hills, whose comely form and matchless mien raise you above the common herd."

☞ There is no death penalty in Michigan, and the penitentiary now holds eighty murderers, thirty of whom are women.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOW TO GET RICH. By ASHER L. SMITH and J. W. HAWKHURST. Published by the New York Publishing Company. There is some very good advice in this book, recommending habits of thrift and economy. One good way of getting rich, not mentioned, is the following, which is our special receipt, and for which we charge nothing:—Get a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, or make that sum yearly in some trade or business, and save eight thousand dollars of it regularly. This will soon build up the fortune of any man, and enable him to live tolerably comfortable. Besides. The only difficulty in this receipt is the first step—the catching of your hare. The rest is easy. Dear readers of THE POST, take this simple advice of one who wishes you well—and prosper.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for March, contains its usual variety of articles from writers of established reputation. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston. (Boston is a large cluster of houses that has grown up around a *big* organ, in the eastern part of Massachusetts. It is famous as the birth-place of the "Boston Bard," who used to write for this paper nearly fifty years ago. Also famous for other Bards who are not so well known. We once took tea there, and are therefore certain there is such a place, which some, we understand, have doubted.)

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. March number. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part. No. 11. Price 50 cents. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE FOR JAN., 1870. By J. R. DODGE, Statistician—Dodge is a good name for a politician—and Hon. HORACE CAPRON, Agricultural Commissioner.

☞ Wine is rather an important interest in France. The culture of the vine occupies about six million one hundred and seventy-five thousand acres. This constitutes the one-twentieth part of the French territory, and the sixteenth part of its soil capable of cultivation. The gross produce amounts to more than three hundred million dollars. This industry occupies six million men, women, and children, and nearly two million merchants, agents, traders, etc. Sixty-nine departments cultivate the vine.

☞ Eight kinds of kisses are mentioned in the Scriptures; the kisses of Salutation, Valediction, Reconciliation, Subjection, Approbation, Adoration, Treachery and Affection.

☞ The fare from Chicago to Sacramento and San Francisco, by either of the routes to Omaha and thence by the Union and Central Pacific, has been reduced from $133 to $118. There is a corresponding reduction on the Pullman train, which is said to be better patronized than formerly, though there is a falling off in the whole amount of travel over the Pacific road.

☞ A man in Auburn, Me., in last season's hay harvest, put five tons of green grass, just from the mower, into a tight bin in his barn, to test a newly-recommended method of curing hay. The grass was snugly stored away and covered with several tons of straw, according to recommended practice. On opening the bin this winter, it was found the entire lot was spoiled—not even fit for bedding for horses.

☞ Hauluppe, being informed by one of the courteous officials at the Museum, that the carvings representing a serpent with its tail in its mouth were intended for emblems of eternity, answered, "Yes! it represented the ceaseless struggle to make both ends meet!"

☞ The Supreme Court of the United States recently decided, in a case where a late Petroleum Act was in dispute: That Congress has no constitutional power to establish police regulations within the states, and that the law in question being an enactment for the protection of consumers against danger in the use of oil too inflammable for safety is such a regulation, and is therefore unconstitutional and void. The law is held to be valid as to all territory of the United States outside the limits of any state.

☞ Gold, on Feb. 24th, touched 116¼, the lowest point since the summer of 1862—nearly eight years. As the 6 per cent. United States bonds sold at about the same price, the credit of the Government may now be quoted at par, and both gold and bonds are steadily coming to lower figures.

☞ Mr. Whittemore, member of Congress from South Carolina, resigned his seat Feb. 23rd, in order to save himself from expulsion. He sold his appointments to the cadetships in the Military and Naval Academies. The House, after his resignation, passed a resolution of condemnation, yeas 185, nays none. Mr. Whittemore was a chaplain in one of the Massachusetts regiments during the war—and went South a few years ago, coming back as member of Congress by a 10,000 negro majority.

☞ A North Carolina clergyman has made $11,000 by inventing a machine for catching rats.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—Sales 9,000 bbls at prices from $4,37½@4,50 for superfine; $4,50@5 for extra; $5@6 for North-West extra family, the latter rate for choice; $5@5,75 for Pennsylvania extra family; $5,50@6,25 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $6,50@7,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality.

GRAIN—20,000 bus of Western, Pennsylvania, and Southern red sold at $1,29@1,35 for fair to prime, and 5000 bus of white $1,45@1,65 ₩ bus. Corn—70,000 bus of new yellow sold at 90@93c ₩ bus, closing at 92c in store and from the cars, and 95c afloat, and 7000 bus of white, in lots, at 92@95 ₩ bus. Oats—Sales of 53,000 bus Pennsylvania, Western, and Southern at 53@55c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—Sales of 300 bbls new mess Pork at $26,50@27. Beef Hams are quoted at $25@32 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sides at 15¼@17c, and shoulders at 13@13½c. Green Meats—Sales of 900 tcs pickled hams at 14½@16c, and 50,000 lbs of shoulders in salt at 11c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 15¼ to 16c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs at 17½c. Butter—Sales of Penna and Western and solid packed ranges from 15 to 25c. Cheese—Sales at 18@19c. Eggs sell at 24@26c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—900 bales middlings sold at 24@24½c for uplands and 25@25c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No. 1 Quercitron is quoted at $30 ₩ ton.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs., $1,50@1,65; mixed do, $1,35@1,40; Straw, $1,30@1,50.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 15@20c and Wisconsin at 15@25c ₩ lb.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is rather more doing; we quote No. 1 at $24@25. Bar Iron is quoted at $76@80 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is higher, with sales of 2000 bus at $4,12½@4,50. Timothy commands $4,75. Flaxseed sells at $2,15@2,20 ₩ bushel.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 9¼@10 cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—15,000 head were disposed of at from 6@6½c ₩ lb. 3800 Hogs sold at from $13 to 14,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

Daniel Webster's Oxen.

He had an extraordinary fondness for great oxen, and took much pains to possess the choicest breeds. He liked a good horse, and appreciated the fine points of that animal; but he was not a *lover* of the horse. "I am not aware," says Mr. Curtis, "that he cared anything for dogs, although, in his most active days of shooting, he may have kept a spaniel or a pointer. But of all the brute creation, he loved the ox. Oxen were the pets of his large agricultural tastes; and, when he could not see and feed them, he missed one of his greatest pleasures. He had come down one fine morning after a night of pain, and was seated in one of the parlors that looked upon the lawn. There he had a herd of his best oxen driven in front of the windows, that he might look once more into their great, gentle eyes, and see them crop the grass."

Porter Wright, who was superintendent of Mr. Webster's farm, gives the following account of the cattle:

"He had one hundred and ten head of cattle, when he had the most. He raised some, but, when he went up into New Hampshire, he'd buy a great many; he'd buy all the handsome oxen he saw—twenty at a time, some years. He was fonder of stock than any other part of a farm. When he had friends with him, he would have some of his finest oxen yoked up and driven to the house, that they might see them. That is the way he saw them last from his window. It was not a large lot, but they were his best oxen. He sat there, talking with Mr. Thomas and Mr. Curtis, and looking at his creatures, and he enjoyed it; it was his last enjoyment. It was about a week before he died."

Accuracy in Education.

I do not know that there is anything, except it be humility, which is so valuable as an incident of education as accuracy. And accuracy can be taught. Direct lies told to the world are as dust in the balance when weighed against the falsehoods of inaccuracy. These are the fatal things; and they are all-pervading. I scarcely care what is taught to the young, if it will but implant in them the habit of accuracy . . . Besides, there is this important result from a habit of accuracy, that it produces truthfulness even on those occasions where a man would be tempted to be untruthful. He gradually gets to love accuracy more even than his own interests.—*Arthur Helps.*

☞ Revels, a negro preacher, has been sworn in as a United Senator from Mississippi. Downing, the leading negro restaurateur and oyster-seller of Washington, recently gave him a supper.

☞ There is an agitation for Universal Suffrage in Belgium. It has been commenced by the Roman Catholic party, who see a gain of political influence in it.

☞ The state of Georgia now has five Senators demanding admission to Congress.

☞ The medical students of Michigan University are so rapacious for "subjects" that Ann Arbor people don't dare to die.

☞ The platform of the female voters of Mormonism ought to be More-men-ism.—*Chicago Times.*

☞ They tell this story at the expense of a Virginia lawyer:—Once upon a time, when he had gained a case, his opponent told him that he would appeal it, and he replied—"Very well; I will meet you at Malachi." But a brother lawyer whispered to him, "Philippi, Philippi," and again he said: "Very well;" adding, "Malachi or Philippi, they were both good men."

☞ A VULGAR ERROR CORRECTED.—The assertion so frequently made, that it is impossible to arrest the flight of time, is altogether erroneous, for who is there that cannot stop a minute?

☞ Four Princesses are already getting their caps for the French Prince Imperial.

☞ The following may be cited as an example of a scrupulously honest testimonial to character. The writer says:—"I have known Mr. —— for several years. I consider him eminently qualified for every post he seeks. His habits are convivial, if not regular. He possesses a fine voice. His taste in liquors is remarkable. He plays whist with singular steadiness. He knows as much about every thing as most men. He is frequently sober, and occasionally industrious."

☞ A train called the "Atlantic Hotel Express" is running between Omaha and Chicago. It is composed of dining, drawing-room and sleeping cars, and no extra charge is made.

☞ Josh Billings says: "One of the funniest scenes I ever seed wuz two old maids waitin' on one sick widower." Joshua, some things are too solemn to be joked about.

☞ A Sunday-school teacher in New York gave a meerschaum pipe to one of his scholars as a reward of merit.

☞ One of the Western Governors assured the Legislature in a late message, that "capital, like water, would always seek its highest level." He should have said like incompetency.

☞ A first-class mermaid is on exhibition at Benares, Bengal, which accounts for Barnum's disappearance. He has doubtless gone after the maid.

☞ Advertisements of women shop-keepers are numerous and conspicuous in the Boston papers of a hundred years ago.

☞ San Francisco is anxious to have a prohibitory duty on earthquakes so as to prevent them invading their Custom House again.

☞ Dr. Pinel has been writing to prove that guillotined heads may live three hours after being severed. The Lancet says this is all bosh. Besides the deoxydisation of the blood, which must cause unconsciousness in ninety seconds, there is the shock to the nervous system.

☞ A parson was twitted with taking too long a time over his white tie while dressing. "It is my duty," he answered, "to attend most carefully *to my fold.*"

☞ A Western editor answered a challenge thus: "When I want to die, I can shoot myself."

☞ An eccentric banker was eyeing with suspicious caution a bill presented to him for discount. "You need not fear," said the customer, "one of the parties keeps his carriage." "Ah," rejoined the banker, "I shall be glad if he keeps his feet."

Something New.

Two million copies of the annual *SHAKSPERIAN ALMANAC* for 1870 will be given away, and in order that the distributing may be made as rapidly as possible, I should deem it a favor to send, prepaid, ten or fifteen copies to any person who will judiciously distribute them in his locality. One of its features are the Seven Ages of Man's Life, illustrated in a masterly manner.

Address Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN,
mar5-it No. 21 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

AT a ball given in honor of Prince Arthur in Washington, he requested Miss Sherman, the daughter of Gen. Sherman, to dance with him, being the only lady who was thus honored throughout the evening. The young lady, instead of setting aside previous engagements, and promptly and joyously accepting the attention, as court etiquette permitted to the royal guest, smilingly referred to her card, and informed the Prince that she was engaged for the set for which he asked her company. This she did in the most frank and courteous manner, and she "was complimented on all hands for her republican courage, and declared to be the bravest girl of the period," though where the "courage" and "bravery" came in, we are not exactly able to see; though we are able to see that she acted sensibly and courteously.

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting those wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of tissue, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, billious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb19-4t

☞ Willoughby states, in his work on ornithology, that a friend of his possessed a gander eighty years of age, which in the end became so ferocious that they were forced to kill it, in consequence of the havoc it committed in the barn-yard. He also talks of a swan three centuries old, and several celebrated parrots are said to have attained from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years.—*Appleton's Journal.*

'Skin Diseases.' 'Swayne's Ointment.'

ITCH, ITCH, ITCH. USE SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.
TETTER, TETTER, TETTER. USE SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.
SALT RHEUM, SALT RHEUM. USE SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.
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Price 50 cents. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 60 cents. Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North 6th St., Philadelphia. Sold by Druggists. mar5-eowtf

☞ Marriage licenses are not in great demand in Lewiston, Maine. The reason for this is said to be that the young women have formed a society, pledging themselves not to kiss any man who uses tobacco, and the young men have formed a society, pledging themselves not to look at a young woman who wears false hair. There being no young folks left outside these classes, the clergymen look in vain for fees.

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with 10 cents postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct8-1y

☞ The cultivation of the Chinese bamboo in California is exciting much attention. It can be put to many uses. Its appearance is beautiful; its shade most grateful. The Chinaman sits under it and upon it; he eats in it; he sails in it and by it; he is rocked in it; his furniture is made of it; he is buried in it; he writes upon it and with it; he clothes himself with it and spanks the young ones with it. In fact, the "graceful bamboo" is as useful as it is ornamental.

☞ *CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP* contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson St. Office 34 Front Street, New York. oct3-6m

☞ Among the local institutions of San Francisco is a "truant officer," who keeps an account of the boys and girls who are marked "absent" on the school-rolls. In his report for the month of January he shows that he had visited thirty-two schools and obtained the names of one hundred and eight pupils reported as truants; fifty-five of whom were found to be actual truants. [Small potatoes rather.]

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co. sep4-1y

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FITS! FITS! FITS!

Cure of Epilepsy or Falling Fits

BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *Hance's Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits.

The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 10, 1867.
To SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be or whatever be occupied with, and I was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in *myself*. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1863, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on the 5th of April, 1866, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the Pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons who are similarly affected may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 826 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM ELDER.

CURE OF A CHILD.

SARDIS, PANOLA CO., MISS., Oct. 20, 1868.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—As a matter of justice and gratitude to you, I desire, unasked, to state the following facts. My eldest son, Fred, was taken with spasms, or Epileptic Fits, in the summer of 1865, and continued to be afflicted with them to a most distressing extent, until both myself and the physicians attending him feared he would never be relieved. I was advised by Major Guy, of Grenada, or your Pills, and ordered two boxes. This I think was last winter. Since receiving them, Fred has had but one slight spasm, where he used to have them twice or more, sometimes five times monthly. When the supply gave out I ordered more, and he has used them all, and is now by permission of my family physician at school, which he was forbidden to attend before, and I sincerely hope entirely cured. I will add that before sending for them, I heard upon inquiry of several instances in which they had been successfully used. You are at liberty to use this as you think proper, for the virtue of the Pills should be universally known. Very resp'y, J. F. STRONG.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS

By Hance's Epileptic Pills.

MONTGOMERY, TEXAS, June 20, 1867.

To SETH S. HANCE—A person in my employ had been afflicted with Fits or Epilepsy for thirteen years; he had these attacks at intervals from two to four weeks, and oftentimes several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions they continued until his mind appeared totally deranged, in which condition he would continue for a day or two after the fits had ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physicians, but without any success. Having seen your advertisement in the Philadelphia *Courier*, I concluded I would try your remedy. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, and gave them according to directions, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a stout, healthy man, and is about thirty years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced taking your medicine, which was ten years since. He was my principal waggoner, and has, since that time, been exposed to the severest of weather. I have great confidence in your remedy, and would like every one who has fits to give it a trial. B. L. DE PEYSTER.

CAN EPILEPSY BE CURED?

We think the following from a respectable citizen of Mississippi will answer the question, and remove all doubts from every unbiassed mind:

GRENADA, MISS., June 5, 1868.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in relating a case of spasms or fits, cured by your invaluable Pills. My brother, J. J. Lyon, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first; but as he grew older, they seemed to increase likewise. Up to that time he commenced taking your Pills, he had them very often and quite severe, prostrating him body and mind. His mind had suffered seriously; but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of those fits. He has enjoyed fine health for the last five months past. His mind has also returned to its original rightfulness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours respectfully, &c., W. P. LYON.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?

The Subjoined Will Answer.

GRENADA, MISS., June 30.

SETH S. HANCE—Dear Sir—You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c., C. H. GUY.
Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

CABIN POINT, Surry County, Va.

DR. SETH S. HANCE:—I was in Baltimore in April, 1864, and from a paper I received of yours was induced to buy a box of your Pills, recommended as a sovereign cure for the Epileptic Fits. At that time one of my servants had been afflicted with fits about twelve years. When reaching home, I commenced with the Pills according to directions. I do not think she has had one since. My wife, though, is somewhat induced to believe she may have had one only. Enclosed you will find five dollars, for which you will please forward them by mail. Your compliance will oblige me. Yours, respectfully,
M. P. SLEDGE.

THE TRIUMPH COMPLETE.

DUBARRY'S NOOK, Pasquimans Co., N. C., Oct. 1st.

S. S. HANCE—*Dear Sir*—Having been afflicted with falling fits for some years past, I determined to give your Pills a trial, (advertisement of which I saw in some of the papers,) and continued to use them for some months, until I was entirely cured. I believe them to be a first-rate article; and since I have used them I have not had one attack, and am now in the enjoyment of good health. I am, very respectfully, yours, &c., JONATHAN J. JACOBS.

P. S.—The Pills were recommended to me by Mr. Nathan Newby, of this county, to whose address you sent them.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price, one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. feb19-13t

Kill Your Fish.

We remember once when dining with the late Judge Preble, at the Ocean House, hearing him remark that he was not fond of fish, but that while Minister at the Netherlands he learned to like it, and thought that on his return home he should still enjoy it. He found, however, that his old distaste returned, and he ceased to eat fish. We were reminded of this, the other day, upon reading an article in "Our Dumb Animals" on the Dutch method of killing fish. It seems that it is the custom there to put every fish to death with a knife as soon as taken from the water, instead of allowing it to die a lingering and agonizing death as we do. It is claimed that this lingering death has the effect of sickness on the fish and affects the quality of its flesh; the flesh of the Dutch fish being much firmer, and consequently better eating. This seems but reasonable, as no one would wish to eat an animal which had died a lingering death. Why will not our fishermen take the hint and put their fish out of misery as soon as caught?—*Portland Transcript.*

The Season and its Dangers.

The human body is chiefly composed of tissues and fibres as sensitive to every change in the condition of the atmosphere as the most delicate electrometer, or the quicksilver in a barometer tube.

The stomach, the skin, the nerves, the lungs, and the excretory organs are especially liable to be affected by these variations, and the best defence against their disastrous tendency is to keep the digestive machinery, which feeds and nourishes the whole system, in good working order.

If the stomach is weak or disordered neither the blood nor the bile can be in a healthy state, and upon the fitness of these two important fluids for the offices assigned to them by nature, and the regularity of their flow, health in a great measure depends.

When the air is heavily laden with chilling vapors, as it often is at this season of the year, the digestion should be an object of peculiar care. If it is weak and languid, the whole physical structure will be enervated. If it is vigorous, the entire organization will be strong to resist the untoward and depressing influence of a damp and vitiated atmosphere.

A pure and powerful tonic is therefore especially needed as a safeguard against the diseases most common in the spring, and HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS being the most wholesome and potent medicine of the class at present known, a course of it is particularly advisable at this period of the year. The stomach will thereby be toned and strengthened, the liver and bowels regulated, the nervous system braced up, and nature put in a state of active defence against the miasma which superinduces intermittent and remittent fevers, rheumatisms, nervous debility, headache, hypochondria and other complaints which are apt to assail the untoned and unfortified organizations. The body is strengthened without exciting the brain, and consequently no unpleasant reaction follows its reviving and renovating operation. mar5-4t

☞ It is a noteworthy fact that while the last Revolutionary pensioner has been stricken from the lists, no less than 887 widows of Revolutionary soldiers are still there. This does not necessarily indicate that women are longer-lived than men. The probability is, that the old soldiers had little trouble in securing second, third, or fourth wives, in view of the national provision made for their widowhood, thus proving themselves to be regular "old soldiers." "None but the brave deserve three or four fair."

What Every Horse Wants:

A good, cheap, and reliable Liniment. Such an article is *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment.* Pint bottles at one dollar. For lameness, cuts, galls, colic, sprains, &c., warranted better than any other. It is used by all the great horsemen on Long Island courses. It will not cure ring bone nor spavin, as there is no liniment in existence that will. What it is stated to cure it positively does.

No owner of horses will be without it after trying one bottle. One dose revives and often saves the life of an over-heated or driven horse. For colic and bellyache it has never failed. *Just as sure as the sun rises, just so sure is this valuable Liniment to be the Horse Embrocation of the day.*

Use it one and all. Sold by the druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. mra5-4t

☞ It is amusing to notice the various forms which the Paris journals adopt when they allude to the Emperor. The Journal Officiel describes him as H. M. the Emperor; Constitutionnel, His Majesty the Emperor; France, the Emperor; Pays, His Majesty; Siecle, Napoleon III.; Cloche, Napoleon; Reveil, the Executive; Rappel, Cæsar; Marseillaise, Sardanapalus, Herod, and Heliogabalus.

A Universal Remedy.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" for coughs, colds, and bronchial affections now stands the first in public favor and confidence; this result has been acquired by a test of many years. Its merits and extensive use have caused the Troches to be counterfeited, and we would caution purchasers to be on their guard against worthless imitations.

☞ THE LATEST STYLE.—Host—"Allow me to get you a partner." Languid Swell—"Thank you, but I—ar—don't dance." Host—"Then let me introduce you to Miss Twaddle; she's a great hand at conversation." Languid Swell—"You're very kind, but I—ar—' never' converse."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th of Feb., by the Rev. John Chambers, JAMES W. KING to ANNIE M. OUTTEN, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 17th of Feb., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. ELIAS OTT to Miss SUSANNA STEVENS, both of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 6th of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. GEORGE H. DEBERNARD to Miss SARAH JANE SMITHSON, both of this city.

On the 17th of Feb., by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. JOHN DOYLE, of Burlington county, N. J., to Miss MARY E. UNRUH, daughter of John Unruh, Esq., of this city.

On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, WILLIAM H. VINING to Miss CLARA S. CALDWELL, both of this city.

On the 19th of Jan., by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. WILLIAM H. HAHN to Miss KATE C. KATES.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of Feb., JOSEPH A. RUTHER, aged 49 years.

On the 22d of Feb., GEORGE SCHNEIDER, in his 83th year.

On the 21st of Feb., RICHARD ARMSTRONG, in his 53d year.

On the 20th of Feb., ALBERT H. STEPHENS, in his 22th year.

On the 20th of Feb., WILLIAM LEWIS, in his 84th year.

On the 19th of Feb., WHARTON E. HARRIS, in his 46th year.

On the 19th of Feb., Mrs. EMELINE SUTTON, aged 38 years.

On the 19th of Feb., SOLOMON BOWERS, in his 70th year.

On the 18th of Feb., WILLIAM S. LEVERING, in his 52d year.

PROSPECTUS.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Dobarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, *paying in advance*, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

Do Able Men Marry Silly Women?

Mr. Galton (in his able work on Hereditary Genius) questions the correctness of the common opinion that able men generally marry silly women. On the contrary, he says investigation shows that the average of the wives of distinguished men is above mediocrity. In support of this view, he adduces two arguments as not without weight. First, the lady whom a man marries is very commonly one whom he has often met in the society of his own friends, and therefore not likely to be a silly woman. She is also usually related to some of them, and therefore has a probability of being hereditarily gifted. Secondly, as a matter of fact, a large number of eminent men marry eminent women. Of this he cites the following instances: Philip II. of Macedon and Olympias; Cæsar and Cleopatra; Marlborough and his most able wife; "Helvetius married a charming lady, whose hand was also sought by both Franklin and Turgot; August Wilhem von Schlegel was heart and soul devoted to Madame de Staël; Necker's wife was a blue-stocking of the purest hue; Robert Stephens, the learned printer, had Petronella for his wife; the lord-keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon, and the great Lord Burleigh, married two of the highly-accomplished daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke." Every one of these names are those of decidedly eminent women, and Mr. Galton thinks that they establish the existence of a tendency of "like to like" among intellectual men and women, and make it most probable that the marriages of illustrious men with intellectual women are very common. On the other hand, he says, there is no evidence of a strongly-marked antagonistic taste—of clever men liking really half-witted women. A man may be conscious of serious defects in his character, and select a wife to supplement what he wants; as a shy man may be attracted by a woman who has no other merits than those of a talker and manager. Also, a young, awkward philosopher may accredit the first girl who cares to show an interest in him with greater intelligence than she possesses. But these are exceptional instances; the great fact remains that able men take pleasure in the society of intelligent women, and, if they can find such as would, in other respects, be suitable, they will marry them in preference to mediocrities.

Napoleon's Secret.

Mr. Angell writes from Paris—The Emperor of France has made this city the resort of the wealthy from all Europe, millions of whose money are brought from other countries and capitals to enrich this. *What is the secret?* Broad, beautiful streets, so paved that riding is a pleasure, and because so paved, such a saving in carriages, harness and horses, that carriage hire is cheap; beautiful gardens and public grounds, many of these streets, gardens and grounds made, by almost innumerable gas jets, more brilliant at night than day; fine hotels; large, first-class houses fitted with apartments for families; convenient bakeries and cookeries; public amusements; streets safe at all hours of day and night; carriages so regulated that strangers are protected; 'busses never permitted to take more than they can seat; articles of food and drink carefully looked after by the police; bad and adulterated articles destroyed, the sellers fined, and placards put upon their shops warning the public; *lead pipes not used*; physicians' prescriptions required to be written in the language of the country; quacks not allowed to practice, and the sale of their medicines prohibited.

WHO KEEPS DEAD FLOWERS?

Who keeps dead flowers? Not I, indeed, not I;
The world is wild with blossoms, and the sky
Drops roses, and the regal moon-lamped night
Brings sculptured lilies, carved of perfect light!

Who keeps dead flowers? Thenceforth away with these,
The ashy ghosts of sad anemones!
With dimpled, blushing buds refill the vase,
Dipped in the laughing wine of summer days!

Who keeps dead flowers? What if a loving friend
Did last spring give thee these, and now an end
Has come to all his love? Life's full to-day
Of friends—fresh friends, fresh flowers—fling these away.

Who keeps dead flowers? Alas! one summer day
Teaches how many, many turn away
From life's fresh-blooming and bewildering bowers,
To sigh in secret, and to keep dead flowers.

Who keeps dead flowers? An angel came one night,
And passed by all the happy, left the bright
And laughing ones, and took—oh! was it meet?
Only dead flowers—and laid them at God's feet.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LOCUSTS.

This is a word so often found in the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testaments, and under circumstances so varied, as to excite the remark of every attentive reader. Sometimes this little insect is referred to as the destroyer of every edible thing in its path, as in Joel ii, 3, "The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness." And again it is spoken of, as giving food to the hungry, as in the case of St. John, (Mark i, 6,) or as an authorized article of food to a numerous people, as in Leviticus xi, 22, where, by the Mosaic law, the Israelites were permitted to eat of certain species of *locusts*, in common with other insects that, having hind feet longer than the others, "*skep*, and do not *crawl* upon the earth." Attaching so little importance to the existence of an insect, deemed by us too insignificant to be dreaded as a foe, and utterly loathsome as an article of food, it is difficult for us to conceive of the degree of interest awakened by the locust in the East, either in the one aspect or the other.

This insect is not the beautiful, greenish-golden colored one known among us as the locust; but a voracious insect, belonging to the grasshopper, or *gryllidæ*, and strikingly resembles the common grasshopper in general form and structure, but differs from it in size, color, and power of inflicting injury. In the Eastern locust, the upper part of the body, the upper wings, the head and horns are brown, the lower wings nearly transparent, slightly tinged with green and brown, and the under part of the body purple. It is from four to six inches in length, of the thickness of a man's thumb, its head shaped like that of a horse, the mouth large, and furnished with four incisive teeth, which cross each other like scissors. It has two horns or feelers, about an inch long, and two pairs of wings, and the back is protected by a shield of a greenish color. The noise made by a swarm of them in eating is described by the prophet Joel, chap. ii, 5, to "the noise of a flame of fire, that devoureth the stubble," and by modern travellers to "the rattling of hailstones."

They are the most terrible and destructive of all the insects with which we are acquainted; and the immense numbers in which they collect, when undertaking a predatory excursion, renders it impossible to stop their ravages. The hordes are often a mile in length, eclipsing the light of the sun as they pass over the earth, and forming a thickness of several inches wherever they settle down. Nothing can impede their progress—they fill up trenches, extinguish fires, climb walls, and march steadily on, devouring, with astonishing rapidity, every green thing—grass, leaves, grain, and even the bark of trees, and scattering desolation and death over the fairest regions of the earth, carrying in their train not only famine but pestilence, till animal and vegetable life are well nigh extinct, and the grim monster, glutted with his prey, stalks undisputed monarch over the ruin he has wrought, without a rival or opponent.

They are found in the greatest numbers in the countries on the southern and eastern shores of the Mediterranean; but they cross seas, and migrate from country to country, seeming to follow the motions of a leader, and moving through the air in solid columns, like a succession of dark clouds; they climb every tree and wall, and penetrate even to houses and bed-chambers. But when entering a country, the foremost swarms always fasten upon the fields of grain, which they literally cover, devouring a hundred acres an hour, and when they depart, leave but the naked stems, while the whole ground looks as if burnt with fire.

A visitation of these devouring insects was the eighth plague sent by God upon the haughty Pharaoh, for his contumacy, as recorded in Ex. x, 4—15, "for they covered the face of the whole land, so that the earth was darkened; and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees that the hail had left; and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field, through all the land of Egypt."

A similar calamity was visited upon the Africans about one hundred and twenty-three years before the coming of our Saviour. There, not only the grass, and grain, and leaves of the trees were utterly destroyed, but the bark was penetrated by the locusts's teeth; and even the dried timber corroded. When this terrible destruction had been accomplished, a strong wind suddenly dispersed the swarms, and ultimately swept them into the sea, and destroyed them by myriads. But the raging billows threw upon the burning sands, all along the extended line of coast, heaps of the putrified bodies of the locusts, the intolerable stench of which produced a pestilence—fatal alike to man and beast. It is recorded that birds, sheep, cattle, and even wild beasts perished in great numbers, and the putrefaction of these dead carcasses adding to the poisonous effluvia of the atmosphere, the destruction of the human species was fearful beyond precedent. In Numidia, it is said, eighty thousand were carried off by the pestilence; and in Carthage and Utica not less than two hundred thousand!

The Roman Pliny referring to their ravages, says—"Their advent was regarded as a manifestation of the wrath of the gods—their very touch destroying many of the fruits of the earth, but their bite utterly consuming all its products, and *even the houses*." Exaggerated as may appear this last statement, it seems to be corroborated by the statements of Mr. Adamson, an English traveller in Africa, who says—"A swarm of locusts at Senegal, devoured even the dry reeds with which the huts were thatched."

In 1049, a swarm of locusts from off the coast of Barbary, destroyed all the products of the island of Tenneriffe, remaining there for four months, and so harrassing the inhabitants, that those who did not die of famine, had well nigh perished of vexation. Col. Needham, then resident on the island, says of these tormenting visitants—"When we *ate* even, these creatures gave us no respite; for when we cut a bit of meat, we cut a locust with it; and when a man opened his mouth to put in a morsel, he was sure to chew one of them. Then the air was so full of them, that I could not eat in my chamber without a candle." See Joel ii., 2, 10, of "the darkness, gloominess, and thick clouds."

Niebuhr describes a swarm of these destroyers as visiting Cairo in 1762, and others at different points on the Red Sea and Persian Gulf. He records a description of the locust, given him by an Arab of the Desert, near Bussorah, which strikingly accords with the account given of the locust in Rev. ix., 7—11. This passage not occurring to the mind of Niebuhr at the time, he received the comparison of the Arab as a jest, and thought no more of it till it was repeated to him by another Bedouin from Bagdad. They "compared the head of the locust to that of the horse, its breast to that of the lion, its feet to those of the camel, its body to that of the serpent, its tail to that of the scorpion, its horns to the hair of a virgin," &c. See Rev. ix., 7—11.

These various extracts serve to show the appropriateness of various Scripture references to *swarms* of locusts, *their strength, numbers, migrations*, and terrible *destructiveness*, as well as their visitations being so often threatened by Jehovah, as a judgment on the sins of a people or country. See Ex. x., 4—15; Deut. xxviii., 38, 42; Joel i., 4; 2nd. Chron. vi., 28; Jud. vi., 5; Ps. cv., 34; Jer. xlvi., 23; Nahum iii., 15; and above all, the passages in Joel ii., 3—10, and Rev. ix., 3—11, which contain the most remarkable descriptions of these terrible insects, their appearance, motions, noise, and the fearful effects of their coming. Many commentators suppose that there is also in these passages, a typical allusion to the invasion and devastation of Jerusalem by the Chaldeans. In Ps. cix., 23, reference is made to their *leaping*; in Prov. xxx., 27, to their movement *in hordes*; and in 1st. Kings viii., 37, the infliction of locusts is one of the judgments that Solomon anticipates as the fruit of Israel's misdeeds, and from which he prays that they may be delivered when they repent and turn to the Lord in His holy temple. The prophet Nahum, (chap. iii., 17,) says of the locusts, they "camp in the hedges in the cold day, but when the sun ariseth they flee away;" and many travellers have remarked the torpid effects of cold upon these insects, and the invigorating power of heat and dryness, both of which are favorable to the increase of the locust both in numbers and vigor.

As regards *the locust for food*, the passage in Lev. xi., 22, has already been quoted as proof that their use was authorized by the Mosaic law, and Pliny states that in his day, throughout Ethiopia and Parthia they were generally eaten, and regarded by the people as wholesome and agreeable food. Modern travellers in many parts of the East find them still regularly used for this purpose. The Arabs catch great quantities of them, remove the legs and wings, and cook them in various ways—boiled, roasted, and dried in the sun or an oven—esteeming them not only nutritious, but a great luxury. In Morocco and Algeria also they are served up on the best tables during the time of swarming, and at other seasons they are eaten dry with salt for a lunch. In all the cities of Arabia they may be bought at market the year round, threaded on strings, dried and salted; and the Bedouins frequently keep sacks of them hung up in their tents, and when hungry, eat a handful with salt, without the formality of preparing a regular meal. So in Persia, Palestine, and most of the neighboring countries, both now and in former times, the locust is a common article of food, and well esteemed by the natives, who think just as strange of Europeans for feasting upon oysters, clams and turtle, as we do of them for eating locusts; and on the principle of early habit, the one is as readily accounted for as the other. Thus, according to oriental tastes and habits, there was nothing unclean or inappropriate in St. John's food being, as we are told by Matthew and Mark, "*locusts* and wild honey." Nor is it by any means necessary to strain the passage, as some have done, into meaning the pods of the *Carob* or *locust tree*—an article seldom used, except by the *extremely poor of Syria and Egypt*, and as food for camels, and which contains very little nourishment; while the locust *insect* is in that region in almost universal request, and esteemed both nutritious and palatable.

F. R. F.

☞ A certain professor of a college in Northern New England, famous for his readiness at repartee, was staying last autumn over night with a shrewd old farmer of a caviling turn of mind, when the conversation turned upon the unusual freshet which had done so much damage. The host dryly declared that his minister prayed on the previous Sunday that the Lord would send rain. "And," said he, "he was altogether too earnest, and so overdid the business that the whole country is flooded, and great damage has been done." "Why, then," instantly replied the professor, "don't you do your own praying, and have things ordered to your exact satisfaction?"

☞ Try to frequent the company of your betters; in books and life, that is the most wholesome society. Learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men have admired; they admired great things: narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly.

FINDING WINGS.

BY WM. A. CROFFUT.

She sits and sings by the open door,
For the balmy Spring is abroad to-day;
The crocus lifts up its golden cup,
And drinks to the ides of the blooming May.
She sees the sentient Summer near
In the pink and white of the grassy slope,
And her young face pales with a phantom fear;
But her heart is happy with love and hope,
And she wishes the phebe would come once more,
And build a nest by the open door.

Now July quickens in all the air,
Unfolding its beauty. What joy is hers!
For her light foot touches the cradle there,
Whenever her dreaming darling stirs.
As she steals to the shadowy porch to catch
The breath of roses that climb the eaves,
A bird darts out from the startled thatch;
She parts the lattice, and lifts the leaves,
And lo! one little warm egg—no more—
In a nest of twigs by the open door!

The rose has dropped in the rueful rain,
And Autumn is blue on the bending hill:
Her young heart breaks with a nameless pain,
For the cradle is hushed, and the house is still.
"The phebe has hers—but mine is gone!"
And she seeks the porch with a tearful eye;
But the young bird, too, is fledged and flown,
And it flutters and sings in the tranquil sky!
Ah! mother! how birdie and baby soar
From the soft little nests by the open door!

—*The Galaxy.*

Gambling in San Francisco.

BY E. BAILEY CHANCEY.

In 1849, the principal banking institutions of the chance kind in San Francisco were the "Bella Union," "Verandah," "Nim de Oro," and "Parker House," all situated about the "Plaza," and each employed a band of music to lessen the tedious hours of that rainy winter, and to drown the noise of dingling gold and silver, and the cursing ejaculations of the gamblers. Many a sad scene has taken place within these saloons that chilled the blood of the beholder, and is remembered with horror. I was once carelessly sauntering through one of these places. My attention was attracted towards a person who had large piles of gold before him. The staring eyeballs, the swollen veins upon his forehead, the cold sweat upon his face, and clenched hands, told of heavy losses. Mingled exclamations of horror and contempt would escape him, and he seemed unconscious of all that was going on around him. His gaze was bent upon the cards as if his life's blood was the stake at issue. In this case his last dollar was placed within the dealer's bank; then with the frenzy of a maniac, he drew a long dirk-knife and plunged it up to the hilt into his own body, and sunk a corpse upon the table. A few rude jeers followed this act; the body was removed, and the game went on as though nothing had happened—as though another victim had not been added to the gambler's damning record, or another soul had not gone to its final account. I learned this much of his history:

He started with a large stock of goods, given him by his father to sell on commission, and the father's fortune depended upon a safe return of the money so invested; but, as usual with young men, he indulged in the full liberty of unbridled license, and while the ship stopped at one of the South American ports, he engendered the first seeds of "play." But, for awhile after his arrival, the excitement of trade, and the energy necessary to accomplish a successful issue, kept his mind busy. One day, by appointment, he was to meet a mercantile friend at this time, and while waiting for his friend's arrival, staked a few dollars upon the turn of cards, when the latent disease sprang into life, and it carried him headlong over the precipice, and ended in the tragic manner related.

The Nim de Oro was a gambling saloon on Washington street, opposite the El Dorado, and in 1849 was the principal resort of the disbanded soldiers of the California regiments, and also of the soldiers that had been engaged in the war with Mexico.

Behind one of the largest monte banks in the room sat a man who had won for himself honorable mention, and an officer's commission was given him for his bravery at the storming of Monterey; but preferring the climate of California and its golden prospects to a more northern home, he embarked for that country at the close of the war with Mexico, and, upon arriving, he opened a gambling saloon. The emigrants came in by thousands, and, a few nights after his arrival, a young man entered the saloon and seated himself at the bank, and staked various sums upon the cards until he had lost nearly all the money he possessed.

Excited by the play, and maddened by his losses, he accused the dealer of cheating; the dealer replied sharply to the accusation; the lie passed, when the young man struck the dealer a severe blow upon the face. Quick as thought, the sharp report of a pistol followed, and the gambler's clothing was covered with the young man's blood—he had shot him through the right breast. The room was cleared of the spectators present, the door closed, and medical attendance called in to aid the wounded man.

The gambler sat moodily over his bank, running the small monte cards through his fingers, and perhaps thinking of the deed just perpetrated, when the wounded man gave a moan of agony as the doctor's probe reached the bottom of the wound.

The doctor inquired what state he was from, and the wounded man replied—

"From Vermont."

The gambler raised his head, for it had been a long time since he had seen a person from the home of his childhood, and Vermont being the name of his native state, the mere mention of the name interested him.

The doctor next inquired the name of the place where his parents resided, if he had any. The wounded man replied—

"Montpelier."

The gambler sprang to his feet, his limbs trembled, and his face was as pale as death, for Montpelier was the home of his youth, and perhaps the wounded man might have been his playmate in childhood—perhaps a schoolmate—knew his parents, his brothers and sisters. He clung convulsively to the table, and, with the contending emotions of rapid thought and the weight of injury inflicted, he could scarcely keep upon his feet.

A stimulant was given to the wounded man, and he was momentarily relieved from that weakness the body is so subject to after a severe wound, when the doctor inquired if there was any friend in the city he wished to send for.

"Yes," he replied, "my wife. She is at the City Hotel, on the corner of Clay and Kearney streets. Tell Mary to hasten, for I am badly hurt."

A man was sent to bring his wife.

"Doctor," said the gambler, "save that man's life, and there is my bank, and $10,000 in Burgoyne, and you shall have it all."

The doctor felt the pulse of the man, and probed the wound anew. The gambler watched him with the greatest anxiety until the inspection was finished, when the doctor shook his head in token of impossibility. The gambler sat by the side of the wounded man, bathed his head, and staunched the flow of blood from his wound, until the arrival of his wife. She came, accompanied by a few friends, and as heroic women bear their misfortunes, she bore hers. Not a word of reproach escaped her—words of cheerfulness only came from her lips, as tears coursed down her cheeks. To her inquiry as to the chances of her husband's recovery, the doctor assured her there was no hope, that the wound was mortal, and that in a few hours the wounded man must die. She sank down upon her knees, and invoked the mercy of a forgiving God upon her dying husband and his murderer.

The gambler knelt at the side of the wounded man, and asked his forgiveness for the wrong he had committed, also that of his wife, which was readily granted.

"This," said he, "is for disobeying the sacred injunction of my aged father and mother. I have faced death a thousand times, and still I have escaped; the balls of an enemy have whistled past my ears as thick as hailstones, and the bursting bomb has exploded at my feet. Still I have lived; O God, and for this! High above the red tide of battle I have carried my country's ensign, and that won for me a name among men. When not one comrade was left to tell of the battle, I escaped unscathed. Why was I not killed with the rest? All that was proud and pleasing to man I have had; and if I could recall this last act by living upon carrion, sleeping in a pauper's grave, and renouncing every proud act of my life, I would do it. I was born in the same village with that man; we were born beneath the same roof, and, O God! the same mother gave us birth! He must not die—he is my brother!" And the gambler sank down in a swoon upon the floor.

The wounded man raised himself upon his elbows; his glazed eyes wandered about the room, as if searching for some particular person.

"Mary," said he, "is my brother William here? I—"

The words choked in his throat, the gurgling blood stopped his utterance, and he sank back a corpse upon his pillow.

The wife knelt again, but it was beside a dead body, and invoked the blessing of God upon his soul and forgiveness for the murderer.

The gambler awoke from his swoon, staggered up to the wife, and said—

"Mary, would it were otherwise, for I have nothing to live for now; the dead and the dying do not want anything in this world; take this certificate of deposit to our aged father, and tell our parents we are both dead; but oh! do not tell them how we died!"

Before the woman could reply, or any one interfere, the report of the pistol sounded again, and the *fratricide had ceased to live!* On the hill near Rincon Point were two graves, a few years ago, enclosed with a picket fence, and one tombstone at their head, with the simple inscription, "BROTHERS."

Children's Parties.

Children's parties, as they are conducted in the present year of grace, are about as lamentable instances of the evil results of the following of fashion as can be well adduced. The old-fashioned children's party, which took place in the afternoon—five o'clock, or even earlier, being considered a very proper hour for assembling—was an entirely different kind of thing. Then boys and girls were boys and girls, not those modern horrors the "young gentlemen" and "young ladies" of our present juvenile parties. The children's dresses were not so fine as to prevent them from indulging, without fear of evil consequences, in the games considered proper to their age; and our old friend Sir Roger de Coverley formed the great dance of the evening, in which young and old took part. Alas for the days of simplicity! Children of the mature ages of six to ten years have now as many engagements as their mammas—very probably more; and the parties to which these young people go are not the simple teas followed by games, but regular set affairs, with the dressing, the company manners, the wine drinking, the suppers, and the late hours of entertainments indulged in by persons of much maturer age.

Children's parties, as they are generally conducted, are productive of very serious evils. The want of sleep at proper hours, the unsuitable food and the wine which are consumed, tell on the physical strength of children with most startling results. The little creatures become pale and hollow-eyed, and they suffer from attacks of indigestion, which produce very serious consequences. Early and sound sleep, plain food, fresh air, sunlight, are wanted, that children may be the rosy, healthy, happy creatures that they ought to be. The crowded rooms and late hours to which our present fashions expose them will undermine many fragile constitutions entirely, and will weaken even those naturally strong. How can children be healthy whose conditions of existence are eminently unhealthy?

Nor are the physical evils the only ones to be deplored. These parties foster in children a taste for excitement which it is more easy to raise than to allay. We have heard quite young children boasting of the number of parties to which they had gone. Then they are encouraged to ape the manners as well as the dress of their elders; and while their affected airs and graces are extremely amusing to thoughtless spectators, they are painful in a very high degree to those who consider what will be the outcome of all this juvenile precocity. To those who remember that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," there seems to be much need for reform in the matter of children's parties.

☞ "Suffering from wet groceries" is the polite name for drunk in Chicago.

"KNITTING THE SCARF."

A sly little maiden sits by me to-night,
Softly humming an old tune low;
The bright threads flash through her fingers white,
As she guideth the needle to and fro.
Sweet is the song that the maiden singeth,
Sad to my heart are the thoughts that it bringeth;
Dreams that were buried so long ago,
Under the snow—under the snow.

Little the maiden knoweth of this,
Weaving the bright threads in the while;
Her thoughts are weaving a dream of bliss,
And the red lips part in a sweet half smile,
As her happiness in them with each stitch she twineth,
And the light in the luminous eye that shineth
Under the lid grows tender and dim,
Thinking of him—thinking of him!

Thus the needle beareth a double thread,
As daintily in and out it flies,
And the conscious flood in her cheeks glows red,
'Neath the smiles of my steady eyes.
Shake down the cloud of thy brown hair's glory,
Lest thy blushes should tell the story
That was old when the Eden skies were blue,
Yet ever is new—ever is new.

So blushing and shyly the maiden sings,
Knitting the scarf for her absent lover;
And methinks two angels with golden wings,
Softly round the maiden hover.
Heaven grant that the hopes thou art weaving
Leave no room in thy heart for grieving;
"Angels keep thee," I softly pray,
Turning away—turning away.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ENSHROUDED IN MYSTERY.

Late in the afternoon of as brilliant a day as London can produce, when the spring is merging into summer, Thomas Kage, in his professional costume, might have been seen ascending to his chambers in the Temple, with the fleet steps of one who runs a race against time.

And Mr. Kage was doing little less. He had a vast amount of business on his shoulders just now, legal and private. Only the past night Major Dawkes (as we saw last month) found him late at his chambers, hard at work. This evening he would have to quit London on some private matters connected with his friend Lord Hartledon, and to be away for some three or four days.

Dashing off his wig and gown, he was about to settle down to his table, and go over certain papers, there waiting for an opinion, when his clerk, Mr. Taylor—for he could afford one now—accosted him.

"One of Major Dawkes's servants has been here, sir, to ask if you would go up there as quickly as you could. Mrs. Dawkes—"

"But I can't," interrupted Mr. Kage. "With what I have yet to do to-day, it is not possible. Did you say so?"

"No, sir. I said I would give you the message. I told him you were busy. The little boy is dead!"

"What little boy?"

"Mrs. Dawkes's, sir—little Canterbury."

Thomas Kage's hands ceased rattling the parchments. He looked up as one who believes not.

"What do you mean?"

"He is dead, sir, sure enough, and all that pot of money lapses. He died in the night."

"But what did he die of? What was the matter with him?"

"The man couldn't say. It was that Richard who has brought notes here once or twice."

"The boy was well again;" reiterated Mr. Kage, feeling utterly bewildered. "Dawkes said so when he was here last night; besides, I know it."

"What the man said was, that the nurse found him dead in his bed this morning," pursued Mr. Taylor. "Mrs. Dawkes was in a very terrible state, and her maid sent him to ask you to go up."

A rapid argument in his own mind, whether he might venture to put off his journey until the morrow, and sit up that night to complete his work, was decided in the affirmative. At almost any cost he would go to his cousin in her sore need. But he could really do it by taking the first train in the morning.

"I shall want you to stay late to-night, Mr. Taylor."

"Very well, sir."

He went up to Belgravia as fast as a cab could take him, and was shown at once into the presence of Mrs. Dawkes. Her state was pitiable to witness. Just as she had been when the alarm came, and she had run to the child's room, so she was still—a loose robe on, and her hair hanging down. She had remained since in the very extremity of anguish—now in a semi-fainting state; now rushing to the death room and calling on her child to live—to live! In short, she was frantic. Could she but have wept—could she but have fallen into a real faint, and so have induced weakness—it had been better for her. Fry said all this to Mr. Kage in a few rapid sentences, as she stood with her hand on the door-handle.

"I can scarcely believe it to be true, Fry, that the child is dead," he whispered.

"And that's like us, sir. We cannot believe it now."

"But what was it?"

"Oh, it must have been a sudden fit, sir. There's nothing else, that I know of, could kill a child in his sleep."

With a kind of choking cry, something like that you may hear from one in an attack of epilepsy, Mrs. Dawkes sprang forward when she saw Mr. Kage, and flung herself into his arms. The sight of him brought the reaction that had been wanted; and she began to sob frightfully, piteously imploring Thomas Kage to bring *him*—her lamb, her angel boy, her all—back to life. With difficulty could he unwind her arms; with difficulty attempt a word of consolation. He did not know what to do with her. Fry, hearing the sobs of emotion, came in. Mr. Kage sent her for water and other restoratives. Where was the Major? he mentally wondered in deep anger. Surely his proper place was by his wife's side at such an hour as this!

Major Dawkes had gone out to see, as was understood by Fry, about some necessary arrangements.

"I don't care now how soon I die myself, Thomas," exclaimed the poor mother, at the end of a prolonged and exhaustive fit of violent sobbing.

"Hush, Caroline! May God temper the trial to you!" he added more as a prayer than an answer.

The next to come in, with a whiter face than usual, as if stricken to fear, and words of condolence that seemed genuine enough on her lips, was Keziah Dawkes. Keziah had heard the news by pure accident. Happening to meet one of the servants in the street, she stopped him to inquire after the health of the house, and learnt what had taken place. Caroline was lying on the sofa then, in another of the semi-fainting fits, utterly exhausted. Fry, kneeling by her side, strove to put teaspoonfuls of weak brandy-and-water within her lips. Mr. Kage took the opportunity to slip away in search of Judith.

He found her in the day-nursery; her hands lying idle on her knees, the tears slowly coursing down her face. She stood up when he entered, and strove to dry them.

"What has the child died of, Judith?"

"Sir, I know no more than the dead—no more than he does, pretty pale lambkin. Fry insists upon it must have been a fit; but I don't believe it. He never had a fit in his life; and it stands to reason, that if he'd had one last night I must have heard him. The least noise wakes me. Since his illness he couldn't move in his little bed but I started up. All last night I never heard him stir, never once, and I was awake twice myself. This morning, when I got up, he was still sleeping, as I supposed, and I went on putting things ready for the journey."

"You did not discover it immediately, then?"

"No, sir. I thought I'd let him lie as long as I could, for he had seemed dead asleep last night. I'd hardly laid him down in his bed, before he was off. I might have let him lie longer, too, but for Fry's coming up with a message from my mistress, that we was both to be ready without delay. I finished what I was about, and then went to his bedside. 'Master Tom,' says I, 'it's time to get up; and your mamma's astir already, and the morning's beautiful.' But he never answered. 'Wake up my darling,' says I then, and put the bed-clothes down. Sir, you might almost as well have killed me; there he lay dead!"

"What did the doctor say?"

"The first thing he said after seeing that the child was really dead, was to ask what I'd been giving to him; he asked it sharply, too, as if I should give him anything that could hurt!"

She proceeded to recount the few facts connected with the last day of the child's life, Mr. Kage listening. He had eaten his meals well; the last thing he took having been a basin of bread-and-milk for his tea. Judith had seen him take them all—having, in fact, taken her own meals with him; and not for a minute the previous day had the boy been out of her sight.

"There's the last thing I gave him," she sobbed, pointing to the medicine-bottle on the mantel-piece. "He sat on my lap after he was undressed, and took it as good as gold. I little thought I should never give him anything again."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Kage.

Judith explained it. It was a bottle of mixture sent by the doctor, a dessert-spoonful of which the child had been taking three times a day. Mr. Kage took the bottle in his hand, examined it, and read the label, "The mixture. Master Canterbury."

"He had took it every drop but that one dose that's left; and a great deal of good it had done him," said Judith, in her deep sorrow, as Mr. Kage returned the bottle to the mantel-piece. "Oh me! there's moments, sir, when I think it can't be nothing but a dream."

In truth, it seemed quite like one to Thomas Kage.

"Will you see him, sir?"

He nodded assent; and Judith, unlocking the door of the next room, stood aside for him to pass. Many a time and oft had Mr. Kage gone in to be greeted with the loving words of the gentle child.

At rest now; an angel in the heaven where he had so often wished to be.

"You have been up to see him!" cried Mrs. Dawkes, almost passionately, when Mr. Kage returned to her. "Why did you not tell me? I'd have gone with you. I wanted to go."

It seemed that some of the old excitement was coming on again; he laid his restraining hand on hers to enjoin calmness. Keziah Dawkes, sitting at the curtained window with her bonnet-strings untied, looked gray as before. Mrs. Dawkes had not invited her to take the bonnet off. This death would bring no end of good to her beloved brother Barby, but she did not seem to be making a festival of it. Caroline moaned faintly again and again, and let her fingers entwine themselves within those strong ones, in which there felt to be at least protection.

"What did he die of, Thomas—what did he die of?"

"In truth, I see nothing that he can have died of, except God's visitation," was his honest answer. "No harm seems to have come to him in any shape or form, to account for the death."

"And we were to have gone to the Rock to-day, he and I! By this time we should have been there."

"Try and realize one thing, Caroline—that he is now in perfect happiness; and let it comfort you."

"Comfort! for me!" she rejoined, opening her eyes on him for a moment. "Never again in this life!"

And poor Caroline Dawkes turned her face down upon the sofa-cushion, to moan out the anguish that seemed as if it must kill her there and then.

The dusk of evening had come on before Mr. Kage went down to take his departure. He encountered Major Dawkes in the hall, who was then entering. They turned together into the Major's study.

"This is a very strange and sad event," observed Thomas Kage.

"It is the strangest thing that ever happened in this world," returned the Major; "and the saddest too—for my wife's sake."

"You can throw no light upon it, I suppose; or conjecture what can have been the cause of death?"

DIANA OF EPHESUS.

The Latin word Diana properly denotes a Roman divinity, and it is the representative of the Greek *Artemis*, the tutelary goddess of the Ephesians, who plays so important a part in Acts xix. The "Great Artemis of the Ephesians," as she was usually styled, who is spoken of in that narrative, was, however, a very different divinity from the huntress goddess, the Greek Artemis, "Diana of the silver bow," with whom she seems to have had little in common, save the name and the circumstance that she was a deification of the moon; she was far more nearly allied to the oriental Ashtoreth or Astarte.

The image of this goddess was regarded as an object of peculiar sanctity, and was believed to have fallen down from Heaven.

The temple of Artemis, at Ephesus, was one of the Seven Wonders of the World. After it was burnt down by Herostratus (from a miserable ambition, as was said, of thus perpetuating his name,) on the night in which Alexander the Great was born, B. C. 335, it was rebuilt on a more magnificent scale than before. Its length, according to Pliny, was 425 feet, and its breadth 220. It was decorated with 127 columns, each 60 feet high, and the beams of the enormous building were all of cedar. It is often represented on coins.

The great city of Ephesus was proud to style itself "temple-sweeper" to the goddess, and its coins bear this legend. Pausanius tells us, too, that the Ephesian Diana was more honored privately than any other deity. Her worship was combined with the practice of magical arts.

"I! I am the least likely to of anybody," spoke the Major, with volubility. "I never saw the child but once yesterday, so far as I can remember; and I have been taxing my memory over it. That was in the morning. He went out with Judith, I hear, in the carriage in the afternoon; but I know nothing about it personally. I was shut up in my study the best part of the day, writing letters and going over ac—"

A movement of Mr. Kage's caused the Major to stop. Looking quickly behind him, he saw the gray face of his sister. And it certainly wore a scared expression—an expression that she seemed unable to keep under. A hasty greeting—which the Major never looked in her face to give—and he went on with what he had been saying.

"I am telling Kage that I never saw the boy but once yesterday, Keziah; never saw him at all, in fact, after the morning. It is most unfortunate. Not that my seeing him could have shown me what was to happen, or prevented it. As ill-luck had it, too, I did not sleep at home last night."

A slight movement of surprise in Mr. Kage's eyes. No other answer.

"Of course I'd give a good deal not to have been out last night. I've not done it for ages. Things are sure to happen crossly. After leaving your chambers, Kage, I went up to Briscoe's. We sat late at cards, and he gave me a bed. My wife had seemed very poorly when I left her, and I did not care to go home when it got so late, lest she should hear me and be disturbed. I came round betimes this morning, knowing of the day's journey, and before I had been five minutes in the house, the alarm took place. When Judith came in, saying something was the matter with the child, and then called me out to whisper he was dead, I thought she must be saying it for a farce."

Keziah Dawkes drew a long, deep breath, as if of relief. "Oh, Barnaby dear! and have you *no* idea of the cause of death?"

"What I think is this. That the child's late illness, or something connected with it, must have been the cause; and that the doctors were mistaken in supposing he had recovered."

"Yes, yes; it must have been so," sighed Keziah.

"Possibly so," admitted Mr. Kage, speaking slowly. "There seems to be no other way of accounting for it. I fear it will have a sad effect on Mrs. Dawkes."

"For a time," said the Major, showing a long face. "But she'll get over it after a bit; she'll get over it. Other mothers do."

A coroner's inquest would have to be held on the child: very much to the resentment of Major and Mrs. Dawkes. More to that of the former, however, than of the latter. But for his enlarging in his wife's presence on the degradation of Tom's being "inquested," as though he were a common pauper's child, she would never have thought of it, one way or the other. Major Dawkes's resentment, however, could not stop the law's demands; and an inquest was fixed for the Thursday afternoon, the child having been found dead on the Wednesday. Early on Thursday morning the doctors made the post-mortem examination; and they came to the astounding conclusion that the child had died from some narcotic poison, say opium—an overdose of opium.

The first frantic violence of Mrs. Dawkes's grief had spent itself, and on this morning, Thursday, she was tolerably calm—calm, save for a restless nervousness that prevented her from being still. Her medical attendants recommended her to remain in bed; but Mrs. Dawkes paid no heed to them, and by ten o'clock she was up, and in her dressing-room; which was, in fact, a kind of boudoir.

Here she sat, the breakfast-tray before her, making believe to sip her tea, and to bite small morsels of the thin toast. Major Dawkes had breakfasted below as usual, and was just now closeted in the dining-room with the two doctors who had been making the examination. On coming from the room above, they had requested to see him, and were shown in to him in the dining-room. Major Dawkes was not holding the doctors in much favor just now, for they were at the root of this, to him, offensive proceeding, the calling of the inquest. In the absence of all certainty as to the cause of death, they had declined to give the requisite certificate.

Never for a moment, save during the intervals when she slept the sleep of exhaustion, was her child's image absent from Mrs. Dawkes's mental sight, or its memory from her heart. It seemed to her that heaven had been bitterly unkind; and the more she told herself it was wrong to think so, the more she thought it.

"Only two days ago, and he was with me in this very room," she moaned; "prattling to me while I ate my breakfast. I divided a bit of my toast between us, him and me. Judith, standing by, said hot buttered toast was not good for him. Oh, my boy, my boy!"

Fry came in with an expression of face that attracted even the attention of her desolate mistress. It was a mixture of intense surprise, of puzzled curiosity, and of mortification.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Dawkes.

The matter was this. The doctors, requiring to ask two or three questions, in the conclusion they had come to regarding the death of the child, had chosen to put them to Fry, knowing she was in a degree a confidential servant, and had caused her to be called in. There Fry learnt—but she was was the only one of the household to whom it was suffered to transpire—that the death was the result of opium. The declaration displeased Fry beyond everything: she had formed her opinion that the child had died in a fit, and would not part with it easily.

"It's a nice thing they are saying now, ma'am," replied Fry in answer to her mistress, closing the door softly and speaking in a covert tone. "It wouldn't be doctors if they didn't have some crotchet to invent. What he died of, sweet child, was a fit, and nothing else.

Mrs. Dawkes paused in some surprise. "Why, what do they say it was, then?"

"They say he was poisoned, ma'am. Leastways that he took something that was as good as poison; senseless idiots!"

"They—say—he—was—poisoned!" echoed Mrs. Dawkes, leaning forward in her chair with dilating eyes. "Take care what you assert, Fry."

"I think it's them should be told to take care of that, ma'am," was Fry's rather resentful answer. "They declare he must have died from taking an over-dose of opium; which amounts to pretty nigh the same thing as saying he was poisoned. I'd like to ask them who was likely to give him opium. There was not such a thing as a drop in the house; but doctors must have their say. It was a fit."

A faint noise, curious in its sound, caused Fry to turn sharply. She had been putting the breakfast-things together while she talked. Was her mistress going to have a fit? She looked like it.

"Opium! He died from opium! Do they say *that?*"

"They do, ma'am. They are telling the Major of it now in the dining-room; but I don't believe it's true."

With a face white as ashes—with hands lifted up before her as if to ward off some dreadful blow—with a strange terror pervading her whole aspect, stood Mrs. Dawkes.

"But—but—"

Not another syllable. Utterance failed; and she fell back on the seat in a dead faint.

"And enough to make her, poor dear, when such atrocious things can be said of her own child!" ejaculated the sympathizing Fry, flying to the rescue.

When the coroner's inquest met in the afternoon, the medical men declared their opinion—that the child had died from the effect of some narcotic, probably opium. Judith, as nurse, was very sharply questioned—turned inside out, as may be said—as to what food the child had taken the evening of the day preceding his death. She was to the full as indignant as Fry—more so, indeed, at their supposing anything of the kind could have found its way to him by any chance whatever; but Judith, unlike Fry, was not loud. Swallowing down her tears and striving for calmness, she was very quiet and respectful, only insisting upon it that the doctors must be wrong. Neither bit nor drop had approached the child's lips but what she herself had given him—saving a small bit of his mamma's buttered toast in the morning, which both she and her mistress had watched him eat.

"He never was out of my sight during the whole day for one minute, gentleman," she earnestly reiterated to the jury; "and I can take my oath that he had nothing but his ordinary and proper food. The doctors say that what he took to harm him must have been taken at night; but after his tea at five o'clock, which was bread-and-milk, he had nothing whatever—except the dessert-spoonful of physic when he was undressed; and the doctors know that that couldn't have hurt him, for it was their own physic, sent in by themselves, and he had been taking it for two or three days."

Judith's simplicity and earnest manner made its own favorable impression on the coroner's court. Major Dawkes, who was present, testified that she was a truthful, faithful servant, valued by her mistress, and fond almost to idolatry of the child. The medicine-bottle, remaining in its place on the mantel-piece with the one dose left in it, had been examined at once by the medical men, and found to be exactly as they had sent it in—right and proper and harmless medicine. In fact, so far as reliable testimony went, nothing could be more clearly proved than that the child had taken nothing improper, and, moreover, that there had positively occurred no opportunity whatever for anything else to be administered to him.

No one could have had access to him. When the child was in bed—and the nurse testified that he fell asleep almost as she laid his head on the pillow—she, Judith, had remained in the room. Closing the door between the two nurseries, she had set to work to turn out her drawers and pack up her own things, all of which were in the bed-room. The child never stirred, she said; he was sleeping sound and fast. Of course, it was now known that he was in the sleep of stupor, passing quietly on to death. At ten o'clock—she heard the hour strike from the churches—she ran down-stairs for her supper—some bread-and-butter. Bringing it up on a plate, she went on arranging her things, and went to bed between eleven and twelve.

A juryman interrupted to inquire how long she remained down-stairs, and whether any one meanwhile could have had access to the child.

"I was not down two minutes, sir," was Judith's answer; "and no one could have had access to the child. Only my mistress was up-stairs—she was in bed in her own room; and the Major was not at home. It happened that I saw every one of the servants down-stairs, except Richard; and I've heard since that he had gone out on business for his master."

Major Dawkes nodded a corroboration of this. Before going out himself that evening, he had given his servant Richard a commission to execute out of doors.

"No one can regret more than myself that I should have been absent on this particular evening and night," added the Major with some natural emotion. "It was getting on for nine o'clock when I left home. I had business with Mr. Kage, the barrister, and went down to his chambers in the Temple. I slept at Captain Briscoe's, and got home between seven and eight in the morning."

"So that, personally, you know nothing of the sad event, Major Dawkes?" spoke the coroner with civility.

"Nothing whatever, I am sorry to say. I consider my absence most unfortunate. Not that, had I been at home ever so, I could have done any good, or prevented the death. The chances are—nay, I may say the certainty—that I should not have known of it one moment earlier than I did; but I nevertheless regret that it should have fallen out so."

"Did the child appear to you to be as well and lively as usual that day, Major Dawkes?"

"Quite so; what little I saw of him. I did not see him at all after the morning. Once or twice, in passing to my bed-room, I heard him chattering to his nurse, the two shut up in the nursery; but I did not see him myself during the latter part of the day."

"Can you at all account for this fact—that he must have taken opium?"

"So little can I account for it, that when the medical men informed me it was the case, I could not, and did not, believe them. Even now I am loth to admit it, for it seems to me absolutely impossible that the child could have been brought into contact with any opium, or taken it. His nurse, as you have heard, says she never quitted him at all; and I believe it to have been so. She is a perfectly reliable woman."

The coroner and jury were evidently at a nonplus. Judith was re-called, and told to re-state minutely the events of the evening from and after the boy's tea-time. Particularly was she pressed upon the point, whether she was positive she did not lose sight of him at *all* before he was in bed; one of the jury remarking that children were apt to taste at anything they came near if not watched; *his* were.

"We had tea together in the nursery, gentlemen—him and me," said Judith in obedience. "Both of us had bread-and-milk; it's what I'm fond of, having been brought up in the country, where milk's a plenty. Little Tom read to me after tea—it was what he liked doing—first a fairy tale, and next a Bible story. Soon after seven, his mamma's bell rang for him to go down to her. I took him; and my mistress began talking to me about the morrow's journey. We stayed there ten minutes maybe, or a quarter of an hour. I went back with him then, and soon undressed him—"

"Was he as lively as usual?" came the interruption. "Yes, that he was, sir—talking about the Rock—and didn't want to go to bed. But when I told him how tired he'd be on the morrow, and what a long way it was, he said no more. He was the most tractable child a body could have to do with—as good as gold. He said his prayers at my knee; and I gave him his spoonful of physic; and then he got drowsy, and I put him into bed. Nobody came near him, gentlemen; and there was not the smallest chance that anybody could come. After he was in bed, I shut myself into his room, and began putting the things together, as I have already said."

"Did any of the servants come up during this time?" asked a juryman.

"I don't know, sir. They might have come into the day-nursery without my hearing them. I don't think they did; for I noticed nothing touched in the room when I got back to it."

"Were the servants in the habit of coming up?" resumed the same juryman.

"Sometimes they' come and talk a bit. None of them came that evening, sir, that I know of."

"If all the servants came to the nursery after the boy was out of it, it could make no difference to the question at issue," interposed the coroner impatiently. "So far as the testimony goes,—and it seems to me that we may rely upon it,—neither person nor thing could have approached the boy to harm him."

"I am certain that it didn't," answered Judith, hot tears gathering in her eyes.

There appeared to be no farther evidence to sift—nothing more to be learnt. The case presented a shroud of impenetrable mystery; and after some discussion, the coroner and jury were fain to give it up as a bad job, and return their verdict:

"Died from opium; but how administered, there is no evidence to show."

And little Tom Canterbury's body was buried in a London cemetery, his soul having departed with the angels. And Major Dawkes was a free man again, and a wealthy one. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHRISTIAN WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—A Christian yard is thirty-six inches, and is not shortened by the handling of the stick.

A Christian ton is two thousand pounds, sometimes 2,240, and is not roughly judged, but conscientiously weighed.

A Christian bushel contains two hundred and thirty-one cubic inches, and is always filled brimfull, and sometimes heaped.

A Christian bargain or sale is one in which there is neither cheating for profit nor lying for gain.—*Living Epistle.*

☞ FITTINGLY BRIEF.—When the remains of Napoleon were brought from St. Helena to Paris, all the speech-making on the occasion was the following:—

Prince de Joinville—"Sire, I present to you the ashes of Napoleon."

King Louis Philippe—"I receive them in the name of France."

"Chalk your Bobbins."

Every one knows that old Sir Robert Peel, father of the late Prime Minister of England, and grandfather of the present Baronet, made his money by cotton spinning. In the early part of his career his business was not remarkably extensive, but suddenly he made a tremendous start, and soon distanced all his rivals. He grew immensely rich, as we all know, but we do not all know the lucky accident to which he was indebted for all his enormous wealth.

In the early days of cotton-spinning machinery a great deal of trouble used to be caused by filaments of cotton adhering to the bobbins or tapes, which then formed portions of looms. These filaments accumulating, soon clogged the wheels and other parts of the machinery, and rendered it necessary that they should be cleared, which involved frequent stoppages and much loss of time.

The great desideratum was to find out some plan of preventing this clogging by the cotton, and Sir Robert, or Mr. Peel as he was then, spent vast sums in experiments. He employed some of the ablest machinists in the kingdom, among them James Watt, who suggested various corrections; but spite of all they could do the inconvenience remained, the cotton would adhere to the bobbins, and the evil appeared to be insurmountable.

Of course these delays seriously affected the wages of the operatives, who on Saturdays generally came short in proportion to the stoppages during the previous days. It was noticed, however, that one man always drew his full pay, his work was always accomplished—in fact his loom never had to stop, while every other in the factory was idle. Mr. Peel was informed of this, and knew there must be a secret somewhere. It was important that it should be discovered if possible.

The man was watched, but all to no purpose; his fellow workmen tried to "pump" him, but they couldn't; at last Mr. Peel sent for the man into his private office.

He was a rough Lancashire man—unable to read or write,—little better indeed than a mere animal. He entered the "presence" pulling his forelock, and shuffling on the ground with his great, clumsy, wooden shoes.

"Dick," said Mr. Peel, "Ferguson, the overlooker, tells me that your bobbins are always clean; is that so?"

"Es'n, master, 'a be."

"Well, Dick, how do you manage; have you any objections to let me know?"

"Why, Master Pill, 't be a soart o' secret loike, ye see, and if ol told 'others 'd know's mooch as oi," replied Dick, with a cunning grin.

"Of course, Dick, I'll give you something if you'll tell me—and if you can make all the factory work as smoothly as yours."

"Ev'ry one 'n them, Master Pill."

"Well, what shall I give you? Name your price, Dick, and let me have your secret."

Dick grinned, scratched, and shook his great head, and shuffled for a few minutes, while Mr. Peel awaited his reply. The cotton lord thought his servant would probably ask a hundred pounds or so, which he would most willingly have given him. Presently Dick said—

"Well, Master Pill, I'll tell 'ee all about it if you'll give me—a quart 'o beer a day as long as I'm in the mills; you'll save that ten."

Mr. Peel rather thought he should, and quickly agreed to the terms.

"You shall have it, Dick—and half a gallon every Sunday in the bargain."

"Well, then," said Dick, first looking cautiously round to see that no one was near, "this it be;" and putting his lips close to Mr. Peel's ear, he whispered: "Chalk your bobbins!"

That indeed was the great secret. Dick had been in the habit of furtively chalking his bobbins, which simple contrivance had effectually prevented the adherence of the cotton. As the bobbins were white, the chalking had escaped detection.

Mr. Peel was a sagacious man, and saw through the affair at a glance. He at once patented the invention, had "chalking" machinery contrived, and soon took the lead in the cotton spinning department. This was the foundation of his princely fortune. It is but right to add that he pensioned off Dick handsomely.

Equatorial America.

In equatorial America the days are more or less the same throughout the year. It results from this that the periodical phenomena of plants and animals do not take place at about the same time in all species, or in the individuals of any given species, as they do in temperate countries. Of course, there is no hybernation; nor, as the dry season is not excessive, is there any summer torpidity, as in some tropical countries. Plants do not flower or shed their leaves, nor do birds moult, pair, or breed, simultaneously. In Europe, a woodland scene has its spring, its summer, its autumnal, and its winter aspects. In the equatorial forests the aspect is the same, or nearly so, every day in the year: budding, flowering, fruiting, and leaf-shedding, are always going on in one species or other. The activity of birds and insects proceeds without interruption, each species having its own separate times. The colonies of wasps, for instance, do not die off annually, leaving only the queens, as in cold climates; but the succession of generations and colonies goes on incessantly. It is never either spring, summer, or autumn; but each day is a combination of all three. With the day and night always of equal length, the atmospheric disturbances of each day neutralizing themselves before each succeeding morn; with the sun in its course proceeding midway across the sky, and the daily temperature the same, within two or three degrees, throughout the year—how grand is its perfect equilibrium and simplicity is the march of Nature under the equator!

☞ It is said that M. Ollivier meditates a law repressing duels in France. If the Kamschatkan method of duelling were introduced it would do more to suppress this barbarous practice than a dozen laws. The mode in which gentlemen settle their differences in that inclement country is as follows: The combatants, each armed with a formidable stick, divest themselves of half their clothes. The one who has been successful in winning the toss commences the duel by giving his opponent three cuts on the back as hard as possible. The other retorts, and the combat proceeds in this methodical fashion till one succumbs, or states that his honor is fully satisfied.

Health in Rome.

Let us see what were the hygienic conditions of ancient Greece and Rome. Had the practical application of the principles of public health anything to do with the high state of civilisation to which these countries rose,—a state which has, in some respects at any rate, never since been equalled? Had it anything to do with the success which attended the Roman armies, and led to the formation of that enormous Roman empire? Let the facts speak for themselves. What strikes one more in reading the classical authors of those countries than the continual mention of gymnasia and of baths? We find that a certain portion of time was set apart daily for bodily exercise, and thus a full development of the body was produced, and the greatest resistance given to those two great enemies of mankind, disease and death. It is true that all this training was part of a grand military system, that the youths were thus encouraged to compete for the prizes in the Olympic games and in the Roman gymnasia, that they might become good soldiers; but did this prevent the cultivation of mental acquirements? Again let the facts give the decision.

Do you wish to see fine buildings, buildings so well constructed that they have lasted comparatively untouched by decay for centuries? Do you wish to study beautiful sculptures, statues anatomically perfect to the minutest details, and of unsurpassed artistic elegance? You go to Athens! You go to Rome! Do not fancy that we contend for bodily exercises as against mental studies: we merely maintain that a sufficient daily corporal exercise is absolutely necessary for the proper performance of the functions, both of mind and body.

But we have not yet done with Rome. We have mentioned the baths of that city; but how were they supplied with water? Ah! here we have need to hide our faces for shame. Surely we, with all the immense advantages of scientific engineering, manage to supply our cities with water as well as the people of two thousand years ago; at any rate, with all our steam engines and manufactories, we require at least as much as they did. When we turn to the pages of Frontinus, what do we find? That at the time at which he wrote, about A. D. 99, there were actually *nine* large aqueducts by which water was brought into Rome, beside some smaller channels; these aqueducts were in some cases entirely covered over throughout their whole length, and were driven underground or supported by high arches, as occasion required.

Several of them, as the Anio Vetus, the Claudian, and the Anio Novus, were from 42 to 49 miles in length, while the total length of the Marcian was actually 54 miles. The water was brought by the two Anios from the river Anio, by the others from various springs and lakes around Rome; the two newest ones, the Claudian and the Anio Novus, were made because "*seven aqueducts seemed scarcely sufficient* for private purposes and public amusements."

The supply appears to have been equivalent to more than 338 millions of gallons per day, or (since the population was certainly not more than a million,) at 332 gallons per head per day, say six times the amount that is had now in London.

But, beside the aqueducts, there was a capital system of sewers at Rome, consisting of the "Cloaca Maxima," and a series of smaller channels flowing into it. The above remarks give an idea of the admirable manner in which the means for the conservation of the public health were made a subject of state legislation in ancient Rome, and of the determined way in which all obstacles were vanquished, in order that the city might be made as healthy as possible.—*Good Health.*

An Eccentric Princess.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Call, writing from Jerusalem, mentions the following pleasant incident:—

Close to this place I saw two Arabs and a woman building a rough wall along the road. There was an air of intelligence about the woman's face not in accordance with her occupation, apparel, or soiled hands. The impression was confirmed on conversing with her, and I was astonished to think she could not gain a living by some higher occupation than building a wall.

"Would she be kind enough to write her name for me?"

"Yes. Would I walk into her house? It was close by."

"I did not like to take her from her work."

"Oh, she had plenty of time."

We entered a neat cottage, plainly furnished, and well supplied with books. I was now more puzzled than ever. She produced a large book and asked me to write my name. I glanced over the pages, and saw French Counts, German Barons, Russian Princes, Irish and English Lords and Dukes, and Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria. She wrote her name on a card, the "Princess de la tour d'Auvergne." She obtained a grant from the Sultan of the piece of ground whereon Christ taught the Lord's Prayer, and is erecting a temple on it, at her own expense, which will contain this prayer in every language. She has already expended over two hundred thousand francs.

☞ A correspondent of a Western paper having described the Ohio as a sickly stream, the editor appended the remark, "That's so! It is confined to its bed." From the accounts we read of the damage done by the inundation of the Nile, we should think the Egyptians wish that river had been too unwell to rise.

☞ Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen, nineteen six,—result happiness! Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought six,—result misery.—*Micawber.*

☞ A man once went to an eccentric lawyer to be qualified for some petty office. The lawyer said to him—"Hold up your hand; I'll swear you, but all creation couldn't qualify you."

☞ An agricultural writer explodes the idea that the wrinkles on the horns of cows denote their ages. (Whose age does it denote then?)

☞ At a church fair in Kansas City a set of bedroom furniture was voted to a young lady, with the understanding that if she was not married in a year the furniture should be returned to the church. She is now on the war path armed with a bedstead.

☞ Bishop Colenso has inherited $10,000. Mr. Perry, late British Inspector of Prisons, has left him that legacy as a "mark of respect for one who has so manfully stood against bigotry and intolerance."

A Genius for Affection.

The other day, speaking superficially and uncharitably, I said of a woman, whom I know but slightly; "She disappoints me utterly. How could her husband have married her? She is commonplace and stupid." "Yes," said my friend, reflectively; "it is strange. She is not a brilliant woman; she is not even an intellectual one; but there is such a thing as a genius for affection, and she has it. It has been good for her husband that he married her." The souls who have what my friend meant by a "genius for affection" are in another atmosphere than that which common men breathe. Their "upper air" is clearer, more rarified than any to which mere intellectual genius can soar. Because, to this last, always remain higher heights which it cannot grasp, see, nor comprehend. To them the world is as if it were not. Work, and pain, and loss, are as if they were not. These are they to whom it is easy to die any death, if good can come that way to one they love. These are they who do die daily unnoted on our right hand and on our left—fathers and mothers for children, husbands and wives for each other. These are they, also, who live—which is often far harder than to die—long lives, into whose place never enters one thought of self from the rising to the going down of the sun. Year builds on year with unvarying steadfastness the divine temple of their beauty and their sacrifice. They create, like God. The universe, which science sees, studies and explains, is small, is petty, beside the one which grows under their spiritual touch; for love begets love. The waves of eternity itself ripple out in immortal circles under the ceaseless dropping of their crystal deeds. Angels desire to look, but cannot, into the mystery of holiness and beauty which such human lives reveal. Only God can see them clearly. God is their nearest of kin; for He is love.—*H. H. in the Independent.*

Marriage.

Any one, we think, who attempts to take a wide and impartial view of life would find it extremely difficult to give a clear, unwavering note in favor either of marriage or celibacy. When the chances are so evenly balanced we cannot imagine why there should be such morbid anxiety on either side. We often think that a woman of liberal, refined tastes, fond of life, of society, of intellectual pursuits, makes a disastrous exchange when she surrounds herself with multitudinous cares of life. Even if we take the extreme case of those who must do something for their own livelihood if they do not marry, there are still undoubtedly discoverable equivalents or consolation. Mothers and daughters, for the most part, attach an exaggerated importance to marriage. They regard it as an end-in-itself instead of being, as it really is, a means to an end. Marriage is not life, but the accident of life. Whether married or unmarried, whether engaged or not engaged, the active or the spiritual side of religion, intellectual pursuits, social and family claims, the ties of friendship and relationship, the elevation and development of one's nature, will make up the main substance of a wise and good woman's life. Marriage, *per se*, ought not to be necessary for usefulness or happiness, and certainly could not alone confer them. When these beneficent energies are present either state may be taken as God may send.

American and Chinese Maps.

Thousands have applied at the Land Office in the Interior Department in Washington for a Government map of the United States showing the Territories and the coal fields and deposits of gold, silver, copper, and lead. They will never forget the almost tearful exhibition, by Commissioner Joseph S. Wilson, of the large map prepared in his office long, long ago, which he has been unable to get engraved and printed, and his sorrowful statement:—"This is the only correct map of the United States in the United States. Of course it can't be spared."

The "General Geography of the Chinese Empire," a Government work published under the present dynasty, contains two hundred and sixty volumes, descriptive and statistical, with maps covering the entire empire. Not only this, but every province, department and district has its special and voluminous geography. Pumpelly states that in compiling his tables of the mineral productions of China he had occasion to consult, through a native scholar, a large number of authorities, and in doing it found the range of literature and science on the geography of China "overwhelming." On the other hand, there is not in the United States a correct map of the United States!—*New York Tribune.*

Western Massachusetts, it is asserted, is becoming seriously depopulated. The inhabitants are leaving the hilly and mountainous districts, and are settling in the valleys. A recent traveller through that region asserts that every mile exhibits signs of decay, in the wreck of once elegant mansions, in scraggy orchards choked with underbrush, and dilapidated school houses, neglected burial places, thickly filled with graves, prove that a numerous population once lived where no human dwelling places are now to be found. In Berkshire county, four townships now contain one-half the population and half the wealth, and of the remaining twenty-seven townships fourteen have less than one thousand inhabitants. The churches exhibit a falling off in settled pastors, and the increase of church membership has only been thirty-four in forty years. In many towns public worship on Sunday has been discontinued. The cause of this change is also ascribed to the cheap lands in the West.

Where Flowers Came From.

Some of our flowers came from lands of perpetual summer, some from countries all ice and snow, some from islands in the ocean. Three of our sweetest exotics came originally from Peru; the camelia was carried to England in 1730; and a few years afterwards the heliotrope and mignionette. Several others from the Cape of Good Hope; a very large Calla was found in ditches there, and some of the most brilliant geraniums, or Pelargoniums, which are a spurious geranium. The verbena grows wild in Brazil; the marigold is an African flower; and a great number are from China and Japan. The little Daphne was carried to England by Captain Ross, from almost the farthest land he visited toward the North Pole.

Some of these are quite changed in form by cultivation; others have only become larger and brighter; while others, despite all the care of florists and the shelter of hot houses, fall far short of the beauty and fragrance of the tropics.

Wedding Ceremonies of the Rooks.

The following curious details have been communicated to the Zoological Review by Mr. Vian:—

"One day in March, I was walking in a little valley near Meulan, planted partly with old poplars, upon which companies of rooks had been nesting several years. They did not seem to be working, as yet, upon their nests. Upon one of the poplars, seven of these birds were assembled round an old nest, and made the air resound with their cawings. From time to time, one rook came up alone and sat upon the nest, another came to join it there; a few seconds after, both birds let themselves fall four or five yards below the nest, and flew off together toward the rising grounds.

"The candidates were not always accepted, and I have seen as many as three, before the same female, go away alone as they had come. This scene was repeated twenty times during an hour, without the nest having ever more than two birds seated on it at once. I thought at one time that the ceremony was terminated; after the first quarter of an hour, the whole flock had dispersed. But a few minutes afterward, seven other rooks lit round the nest, and the scene recommenced; it was still going on, when I left. Some hours later, seeing on the high grounds, which overlooked this valley, a considerable number of rooks, I questioned a peasant. He answered me: 'It is the great day of the rooks; to-day all the rooks of the country assemble here; it is like this every year, at the same epoch.' It seems that I had assisted at the nuptial ceremonies of the young rooks of last year's broods. Nothing was wanting; I saw seven witnesses, the presentation of the future spouses, the choice of a husband, the wedding, and travelling-excursion of the bride and bridegroom."

The Planetary System.

Dr. Doremus, in a lecture before the Y. M. C. Association of New York, upon the "History of Creation," tried a novel experiment, giving rise to startling suggestions:

In order to illustrate the supposed original formation of the planetary system, he showed a round ball or globe of oil in a large jar of water. Passing an axis through the oil and then turning it slowly, the globe was observed to flatten at the poles. Increasing the motion, rings were formed similarly to those of Saturn, and in a few seconds more particles flew off and began turning on their axes and around the central globe. The lecturer argued that the sun, a mass of molten matter, once embodied our entire planetary system, and that Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Venus, the Earth, &c., were flung off in rapid succession by the centrifugal force generated by rotary motion.

Royal Money-Makers.

Louis Phillippe, the last Bourbon King of France, was famous for making money, and when he lost his throne, he had a large fortune for his family. It seems, from the following paragraph, that one of Victoria's sons has a taste, and perhaps a capacity, in the same line:—

The Prince of Wales may, perhaps, become King of England; but it looks as though his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, would be a richer man. While the former is living like a spendthrift, the latter is building up his own fortune as a speculator. By a lucky operation in the stock of a New Zealand mining company, he has recently cleared the handsome sum of a million of dollars, which he promptly deposited in bank on his own account. He can easily run up a fortune of a hundred millions.

☞ A sour-faced wife is the liquor-dealer's friend.

☞ A smiling, white-browed, lily-fingered, golden-tressed woman, all silks and laces and jewels, is an exquisite picture to contemplate; but at what a cost of resolution and self-sacrifice she preserves her fair exterior, no one but herself knows.

☞ A Brilliant Comet.—An astronomer predicts for this year a comet of such brilliancy, and so near the earth, that our nights will be almost as bright as our days.

☞ Jenny Lind's daughter has a beautiful voice, which she is cultivating with a view to her professional appearance.

☞ The latest cut—Slicing of ladies' little toes, to make the feet look narrow.

☞ The latest invention is a horse-shoe that can be taken off and put on at pleasure.

☞ The Missouri Legislature has amended the school law so as to allow women to vote on public school matters.

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" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Meeting of the Authors.

Mr. C——, a gentleman who has just published his first book, which met with remarkable success, was, shortly after, met by a seedy-looking individual in the Queen's Hotel, in Toronto. The latter extended his hand, and, in a tragic manner, exclaimed—

"Allow me, sir, to welcome you to our ranks—the ranks of authorship."

The peculiar appearance of the individual rather amused Mr. C——, and he replied—

"Thank you, sir; but may I venture to ask who you are and what work bears your name?"

"Certainly, sir. Have you ever heard of Tennyson, the Poet Laureate?"

"Yes," said Mr. C——.

"Well, I am not he. But have you ever heard of Longfellow?"

"Yes—but I have never seen him. Surely you are not Longfellow?"

"No, I am not he."

"Then, who the dickens are you?"

"Ah! there. Have you ever heard of Charles Dickens?"

"Yes—but I know you are not Charles Dickens."

"No, sir; I am neither Tennyson, Longfellow, nor Dickens; but, sir, I, the individual who stands prominently before you in the noble person of a man—I, sir, am—"

"Well, sir, who are you, and of what are you the author?"

"I, sir, am Jonathan Ezekiah Washington Jefferson Piggleton, and I am the celebrated author of a recipe for taking grease spots, tar, oil, and all stains out of cloth, wood, marble, carpets, etc., etc., and which I will be most happy to sell you, or any other gentleman who now looks upon me, for the small sum of twenty cents!"

Mr. C—— collapsed.—*Diogenes, Montreal.*

"Sine Die."

In a Western state, a political party had for twenty years been in the habit of holding its nominating convention at the house of Mr. H. Recently, he happened, for the first time, to be in when they had finished their business, and heard a little delegate move that "this convention adjourn sine die!"

"Sine die," said Mr. H., to a person standing near; "where's that?"

"Why, that's away in the northern part of the county," said his neighbor.

"Hold on, if you please, Mr. Chairman," said the landlord, with great emphasis and earnestness—"hold on, sir; I'd like to be heard on that question. I have kept a public house now for more than twenty years. I am a poor man. I have always belonged to the party, and never split in my life. This is the most central location in the county, and it's where we've always met. I've never had nor asked for an office, and have worked day and night for the party; and now I think, sir, it is contemptible to go and adjourn this convention way up to Sine Die!"

Not Posted in History.

A youthful applicant for a certificate to teach school presented himself before the Superintending School Committee of a town in Maine, and after having answered correctly several questions in mathematics, he was asked—

"In what year did Columbus discover America?"

The young man paused, scratched his head, and replied—

"Well, Mister, you've got me now!"

"Was it before or after the birth of our Saviour?" continued the committee man. The youth spent a moment in thought, and then raising his huge fist, and striking it upon the desk, exclaimed—

"*You've got me again, by thunder!*"

The certificate was not granted.

A Unique Love Letter.

An examination of some old letters that remained in a Confederate post-office brought to light this unique love-letter. The writer had evidently been taunted by her lover with being "cold," and she vindicated herself very triumphantly in the following modest but sufficient intimation of her desire:—

MARRIED.

My Dear—You say I am cold toward you. Well, now, let's prove who's the coldest. Let's you and me get—O, I hate to write it; look at the top of the letter and you'll find it. Yes, that's it—let's me and you—O, you understand me. Affectionately yours ever.

AN UNREASONABLE PATIENT.—Two nurses were talking of their profession over their tea.

"You understand," said one to the other, "the doctor said it was brain fever; consequently the patient ought to have been out of his senses."

"Well, not a bit of it. He watched everything I did, as well as a man in perfect health could have done. And at last it worried me so that I went off, saying to him, 'Sir, I am an honest woman, above all suspicion; and I won't stay with sick people who keep from being delirious in order to watch me.'"

A "MODEL" CHAMBERMAID.—A *femme de chambre* presents herself before Madame M——, who has advertised for a servant girl of that description. After listening to madame for awhile, the servant girl says to her, "All that madame has said to me suits me exactly. But, before I definitely make up my mind, I must have information on another point. On what day does madame receive her friends?" "On Tuesday." "In that case, madame must change her day." "Why?" "Because Wednesday is my day, madame, and you must see that, Tuesday being madame's day, I would be too tired to receive my friends."—*Paris Figaro.*

CHINESE EVIDENCE.—In a recent trial in California, where Chinese evidence was admissible, the prosecuting attorney, having some doubts as to the correctness of the testimony, inquired of the interpreter whether a Chinaman under the usual oath would tell the truth. "Oh, no," responded John; "Chinamen lie, alle same as you lie; alle same as any Melican lie!"

☞ HARD TIMES.—The reason why (in spite of the prevalence of the Grecian Bend) so many gentlemen are seen walking *erect* about the city, is that most people have been in *straitened* circumstances of late.

AN IGNORANT CLERGYMAN.

ROPER (*to Reverend inquiring for Bethesda Chapel:*)—"D'ye know the Three Tuns puplic-'ouse? No! Well, then, ye know the small pub at the corner o' Moon-street, as Joe Smiley keeps, and the Fancy uses? Don't know that! Well, ye know Bill Smith's—the Gold Diggin's public-'ouse? No! Lor, bless ye, ye don't know nothing—better ax a plesceman."

The Chinese.

The two extracts given below show that housekeepers need not expect to escape annoyance by having Chinese help:

"Those who were expecting relief from the horrors of servant-girlism, by the help of John Chinaman, are dismayed at the discovery that John has an unconquerable predilection for the female Celt, and marries the first Bridget who will have him. The result is inevitable: Biddy will take the Johnnies under her dominion—rid us of the puzzling Chinese imigration question by absorbing the emigrant—and rule us at home more mercilessly than before.

"Moreover, the generally-conceded perfection of the Chinese in the laundry, and their excellence as cooks, are accompanied by little peculiarites which are, to say the least, unappetizing.

"It may not be generally known that these superior laundry-men invariably sprinkle as they iron, and in order to perform this necessary operation minutely and equally, their custom is to fill the mouth with water and force it through the teeth in gentle spray, as occasion demands. My informant, an Eastern exile, declared that she had not yet so far overcome her fastidiousness as to submit the pocket-handkerchiefs of the family to this process. Unfortunately, this patent sprinkler is dangerously convenient elsewhere than in the laundry. A lady of Oakland, who had for three years rejoiced in a Chinese cook, chanced at last to enter the kitchen just as he was putting the final touch to the loaves of bread ready for the oven. Her horror may be guessed when she discovered that the delicious crispiness of the loaves which had been her bi-weekly pride for three long years had borrowed leave to be from the same national *jet d'eau* which had glossed her linen!"

Could not Declaim.

Daniel Webster could not, when a boy, make a school declamation. This fact, which would scarcely be credited on any other testimony than his own, was recorded by him in his autobiography with perfect frankness, and with his usual precision, and is therefore to be accepted just as he states it:—

"I believe I made tolerable progress in most branches which I attended to while in this school; but there was one thing I could not do—I could not make a declamation. I could not speak before the school. The kind and excellent Buckminster sought, especially, to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation like other boys, but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory, and recite and rehearse in my own room, over and over again, yet, when the day came, when the school collected to hear declamations, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the instructors frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed and entreated, most winningly, that I would venture, but I could never command sufficient resolution. When the occasion was over, I went home, and wept bitter tears of mortification."

A Vapor Bath.

A simple and easy method of taking a Russian bath on a small scale at home, but a method quite as efficient as any other, is this: seat yourself unclothed on a cane-bottomed chair, under which you place a very hot brick on a plate. Wrap a large blanket around you from the neck downward, inclosing the chair, and carefully close the borders. Pour from time to time a little hot water on the brick, and the body will soon be in an atmosphere of highly heated vapor. If a dry-air bath is preferred, place a spirit lamp under the chair, and arrange the blanket as before. When the perspiration has lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes, throw aside the blanket, and plunge into a tub already filled with cold water, or take a cold shower bath.

The only warming needed in this procedure—but that is an important one—is not to allow the body to become cooled between the hot and the cold stages. The transition must be sudden, and the cold dip or shower must last but for a second or two, otherwise trouble may result.

☞ We do not know whether anybody has or has not printed the story which relates how a certain genial bald-headed gentleman, while in Paris one day, went to the Zoological Gardens. The weather was warm, and he lay down on a bench. Presently he fell asleep, and he was aroused by a strange feeling of warmth on the head. An infatuated ostrich had come along, and, mistaking his entirely bald head for an egg, settled down with a resolute determination to hatch it, or sit there for ever. Our friend yelled for help until a keeper came and led that disappointed and regretful ostrich away to its cage.

True.

Boys, good morals do not have their headquarters in taverns and saloons; nor do they lounge about shops or stores. I always have a poor opinion of a young man tilted in a chair on a hotel, stoop, or dangling his legs in a bar-room. Such places beget a swaggering air, and a swaggering man is neither manly nor admirable, and is as repelling to a good woman as vice is to virtue. The atmosphere of places where men congregate to smoke and drink, eat peanuts, spin yarns, crack jokes, and tell stories—and you know what kind of stories some of them tell—is no more appropriate for you than it would be for your sisters. What would's oil and contaminate them, will you.

I find a wide-spread disposition among men to ridicule exemption from bad habits among their own sex. They think a fellow terribly "green" who has kept the bloom and sanctity of his honor as inviolate as the sweet sister at his side has hers; and they say a fellow who does not enjoy a fine cigar or a glass of claret, lacks in the ingredients of what now constitutes a "good fellow." It is the sheerest nonsense, and the most palpable falsity that ever wheedled a young man into its meshes. I am an "excellent judge" of men, and some of the very best ones it has been my good fortune to know, have been men of honor, generosity, large-heartedness, sympathy, deep and strong in feeling, appreciative, possessing good sense and judgment; and they neither smoke, chew, drink intoxicating beverages, attend horse-races, delight in the witticisms of the clown of a country circus, nor swear.

Florence Nightingale's Shoes.

A distinguished woman who not long since returned from Europe, told a friend of ours, of an interview with Miss Florence Nightingale. During the conversation she could not but notice the singular shape of that eminent lady's foot. She had never heard that Miss Nightingale was lame, or malformed, but certainly something was the matter. Her curiosity prompted her to inquire of some mutual friend, who at once explained that Miss Nightingale, despising the modern instrument of torture vended by fashionable shoemakers, is accustomed to plant her stocking foot firmly on a piece of leather, draw the outline of the figure it forms, and have her shoe made to correspond exactly with it!—*Personal Beauty.*

Glycerine and its Uses.

Comparatively but a few years have elapsed since glycerine was thrown away as a waste product from soap and stearine candle-works. Now it is one of the most useful products. Tubs and pails saturated with it will neither shrink nor dry up. Leather soaked in it keeps moist and pliable. It is used for extracting the perfume of flowers; to preserve animal substances from decay, and hence is valuable for "preserving" purposes. It is employed in pharmacy, dyeing, brewing, liqueur-making, wine-keeping, and for a vast variety of other purposes. With nitric acid it forms nitro-glycerine, one of the most powerful explosives known.

☞ At a very successful seance in Cincinnati the other night, a man burst into tears when the medium described very accurately a tall, blue-eyed spirit standing by him, with light side-whiskers and his hair parted in the middle. "Do you know him?" inquired a man at his side, in a sympathetic whisper. "Know him? I guess I do," replied the unhappy man, wiping his eyes. "He was engaged to my wife. If he hadn't a died he would have been her husband instead of me. Oh, George, George," he murmured, in a voice choked with emotion, "why, why did you peg out?"

☞ COLORED WATER-PROOFS.—By a recent German invention water-proof dress goods may be manufactured with some regard for beauty as well as service, and the monotonous black or dull shades but lately introduced can be supplanted by cloths in all the bright and varied aniline colors. To effect this, the fabrics are first sized with albumen, which is brushed over one side, so as to form, when dried, a proper surface for taking the colors, the succeeding processes being those of ordinary dyeing.

☞ It is well-known that the dog, the horse, and the ox weep. Yes! Smile not. I say weep. They have tears of despair, as well as the beautiful gazelle. I have heard of a horse which accidentally trod on the foot of his groom, and seeing that he had fallen and fainted from the pain, the animal licked him and covered him with tears. Was this instinct?—*Bergh.*

☞ A witness on a trial in the Ross Co. (Ohio) Court recently went wildly insane under cross-examination, producing a general stampede in the court. It is perhaps remarkable that more witnesses do not become insane under cross-examination.

AGRICULTURAL.

An Argument in Defence of the Mule.

1st. The capital invested in mules does not need renewal so soon, as they will last almost twice as long as a horse, and do equal work.

2d. If well broken (and they are no trouble to break, if the person handling them treats them as all brutes should be treated when being taught anything—with caution, firmness, and gentleness). They combine all that is needed in a farm team more than horses. They are truer, more gentle in harness, better animals to plough single or double, especially among corn, scarcely ever sick or ailing in any way; when in condition, as they should be, and cared for as horses are, just as handsome to a heavy wagon as a horse, and not far behind them to a carriage. They are not so easily stolen as horses are, endure the heat of summer better, will not let a hired man work them to death or founder them. And then, on the score of economy, let us consult the figures, taking a No. 1 span of horses and taking a No. 1 span of mules in comparison. Such horses a farmer would feed six months of the year—say from April 1 to November 1—fifteen ears of corn three times a day to each horse, and from November till April the same number twice a day. That would be (counting one hundred and twenty ears to the bushel) one hundred and twelve and a half bushels. The mules, if sheltered and groomed as carefully as the horses, will do the same work, in as good condition, on eight ears at a feed three times a day during the summer, and twice a day through the winter—making fifty-three and one-third bushels for each mule per year. A difference of sixty bushels of corn, putting it in round numbers, in favor of each meal, and one hundred and twenty bushels for the span in one year. At fifty cents per bushel, this makes sixty dollars; and in twenty years, (the time the mules are sure to last, although the horses may be played out), twelve hundred dollars. This is no inconsiderable item, and a calculation which every man who has experience knows to be correct. The mules will eat the most fodder, but that is one thing that every farmer can secure plenty of, with little cost. I might enumerate more in their favor, but as I am already too long, I will close.—DAVID H. STRONG, *in Kansas Farmer.*

Plank Floors for Horses.

The following, from the Cincinnati Gazette, says something on the subject:

"In regard to horses standing on bare plank floors I have tried it for fifteen years, and never littered a stall yet, nor have I ever had a horse or mule to get lame by being so treated. I have at times left stable floors without plank, and afterwards planked them, for the reason that the horses do better on plank floors, and the stables are easier cleaned. They do not wear in holes or ever get wet. I got the idea from a paper many years ago, which stated that in Holland (I think) they use stone floors for their stables, and never litter them, and they have sounder horses than any other country. Now if I was going to build a stable floor I would get two by four inch oak scantling, and lay them lengthways of the stall, or the same way the horses stand, and leave small half-inch cracks between them. Setting them edgeways you will have a floor four inches thick, and one that will always be dry and cool. The reason for laying it lengthways of the horse is, if it should ever wear out it will be where the horse stands; consequently, only a few pieces need be taken up and repaired. I would also have the floor two feet above ground, if possible, for dryness and ventilation."

Ashes for Fruit Trees.

The editor of The Horticulturist says: "We have known quite a number of instances—indeed, so often as to make it quite a rule—that old orchards apparently dying out have been brought back again to fruitfulness by the liberal use of wood-ashes, also stirring the soil. Potash is the most important element in the successful growth of all kinds of fruit trees. An old gentlemen told a club, not long ago, that he had known a man to make and preserve an orchard of apple trees in a flourishing and productive condition, originally placed on very poor ground, by sprinkling every year around each tree, to the circumference of the extent of its branches, half a bushel of ashes. We consider this a very important item."

ABOUT MANURES.—Manure is never so valuable as when it is fresh. It then holds in association not only all the fixed soluble substances, natural to the solid excrement, but much that is of great value, found only in the liquid. It is in a condition to quickly undergo chemical change, and the gaseous, ammoniacal products secured are double those resulting from that which has been *weathered* in a heap, out of doors for several months.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

RECEIPTS.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Mix one heaping teaspoonful of pure mustard, the yolks of two fresh eggs, and a teaspoonful of pure white wine or cider vinegar, into a smooth paste, using a silver fork for the purpose. Measure out twelve tablespoonsful of pure salad oil and one tablespoonful each of vinegar and lemon juice; mix the two latter together and strain them. Add to the eggs very slowly, while stirring constantly, two tablespoonsful of the oil, and when it thickens, one teaspoonful of the mixed vinegar, and thus continue alternately with the oil and vinegar, stirring unceasingly, till all is mixed, and a thick, smooth, creamy paste is attained. Have ready a cold, boiled fowl, remove the skin, bones and fat, and cut the lean flesh into pieces the size of large dice; cut into morsels an equal bulk of white, tender, crisp celery, and mix with the meat, a saltspoonful of salt, and one-half the dressing. Cover the bottom of an oval platter with the white centre leaves of well blanched lettuce, and lay the inner green leaves around the border; place the salad upon them and pour over it the remainder of the dressing. Garnish with a few sprigs of parsley, olives, capers and slices of hard boiled eggs, neatly arranged around the border. If celery cannot be had, use white cabbage mixed with a teaspoonful of Extract of Celery.

Success depends on the quality of the materials, which must be pure and of the highest flavor.

LOBSTER SALAD.—This is prepared with the same dressing as above, but the celery is omitted.—*A. W. Harrison.*

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 77 letters.
My 1, 20, 10, 21, 3, 15, 12, is a lake in Australia.
My 2, 7, 5, 3, 18, 34, 25, 23, is a cape in North America.
My 4, 29, 26, 19, 33, 41, 31, 55, 47, is a body of water in Asia.
My 6, 72, 40, 50, 27, 11, 19, 62, is a town in Polynesia.
My 12, 63, 10, 25, 60, 71, 57, 73, 60, is a town in England.
My 13, 70, 18, 32, 29, 21, is a town in Illinois; ruins in Egypt.
My 16, 39, 73, 77, 3, 31, is a strait.
My 35, 53, 41, 37, 69, 64, 19, 30, 49, 67, is a group of islands.
My 36, 43, 32, 23, 34, 45, 69, 20, 33, is a city in Africa.
My 44, 59, 4, 27, 39, 48, is an island.
My 46, 24, 14, 42, 54, 64, 45, 62, 7, is a Mexican state.
My 51, 75, 68, 78, is a town in Russia.
My 56, 39, 15, 69, 18, 58, 66, 22, 74, 50, is a city in South America.
My 57, 9, 64, 17, 74, 38, 13, 76, is an island.
My 61, 39, 43, 23, 65, 26, 47, 40, 46, is an island.
My whole is a verse from the Bible.

PHILIP.

Enigma.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 4, 12, 6, 9, 7, is a country.
My 4, 6, 2, 10, 14, is a river.
My 13, 9, 11, 7, is a wild animal.
My 12, 2, 5, 6, 8, 11, is a vegetable.
My 6, 5, 13, 6, 3, 8, 9, 1, is an ocean.
My 1, 6, 8, is a domestic animal.
My 9, 8, 6, 4, 1, 6, is a lake.
My 9, 13, 13, 9, 3, 11, 9, 4, is one of the states.
My 6, 13, 12, 4, is a range of mountains.
My 12, 6, 13, 2, 4, is a city.
My 6, 3, 10, is a cape.
My 4, 8, 6, 5, 14, 7, is an island.
My 13, 6, 13, 14, 4, 8, 9, 3, 14, is a country.
My whole is a large city.

Cambridge, Ohio. CHRISTINE.

Problem.

"Five lads who had loose cash to spare,
Unto Ohio did repair;
Where soon they bought a tract of land,
For which they paid the cash in hand.
Five hundred acres, they did say,
Were in the tract and each did pay
Five hundred dollars as his share,
And this was nothing more than fair.
But Billy's part, which was the best,
They valued higher than the rest;
Five quarter-dollars* more than Jim's,
Five pistareens† just more than Tim's;
Five 2ppeny bits‡ just more than Mike's,
And five half-dimes just more than Ike's.
A young surveyor then they got,
To lay off to each lad his lot;
But after he had tried his skill,
He could not get the answer still.
Now do be kind and help him through,
And I'll be much obliged to you."

* Per acre.
† Pistareen—20 cents.
‡ Fippenny-bit—6¼ cents.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ ABOUT SHIPS.—When may a ship be said to be ambitiously in love? Ans.—When she is making up to a pier.

☞ When is a ship like a fraudulent vintner? Ans.—When she makes port with logwood.

☞ What part of a ship is like a farmer? Ans.—The tiller.

☞ When is a ship like a washerwoman? Ans.—When she is laboring in the water.

☞ When is a sailor not a sailor? Ans.—When he is aboard.

☞ Why is twice ten like twice eleven? Ans.—Because twice ten is twenty, and twice eleven is twenty-*two*.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—

"Why let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play—
For some must watch while some must sleep,
Thus runs the world away."

RIDDLE—Titicaca.

IMPERIAL GINGERBREAD.—Rub six ounces of butter into three-quarters of a pound of flour; then mix six ounces of treacle with a pint of cream carefully, lest it should turn the cream; mix in a quarter of a pound of double-refined sugar, half an ounce of powdered ginger, and one ounce of carraway seeds; stir the whole well together into a paste, cut it into shapes, and stick cut candied orange or lemon-peel on the top.

MANY PERSONS are liable to extreme suffering from felons on the finger. These afflictions are not only very painful, but not unfrequently occasion permanent crippling of the member affected. The following simple concoction is recommended as a sure cure for the distressing ailment: Take common rock salt, such as is used for salting down pork and beef, dry it in an oven, then pound it fine and mix with spirits of turpentine in equal parts. Put on a rag and wrap it round the finger, and as it gets dry put on some more, and in twenty-four hours we are assured the felon will be dead.

PAPER TO PROTECT FROM COLD.—A thin shawl may be made warm by folding a newspaper inside it. The paper is impervious to the wind and cold air from outside, and prevents the rapid escape of the warm air from beneath it. If you suffer from cold feet, fold a piece of newspaper over your stockings.

SUPERIOR COLD CREAM, FOR LIPS, HANDS, ETC.—Take of white wax, one ounce; fresh cocoa butter, seven ounces; balsam Peru and benzoic acid, of each fifteen grains; melt them together over a water-bath, strain and add a few drops of the oils of rose, bitter almonds and bergamot. When nearly cold, two drachms of glycerine should be added.

WASHING SILK.—The following is a good recipe for black and colored silks, but we should hardly venture to try it with one that had white in it:—With one quart of lukewarm water, mix 4 oz. soft soap, 4 oz. honey, and a good-sized wineglass of gin. Lay the silks in breadths on a kitchen table, and with a common scrubbing brush (quite clean) dipped in the mixture, so as to saturate the silk, scrub it hard on both sides; rinse in two waters (cold) until free from soap, hang it on a clothes horse till half dry, then iron the wrong side.